

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS;

BY THE

K

REV. JOHN ANKETELL, A. B.

CURATE OF DONAGHENDRY PARISH, COUNTY OF
TYRONE, IRELAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE EPISTLE OF YARICO TO INKLE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY WILLIAM SPOTSWOOD,
NO. 55 MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

1795.



V
or i
tive
you
bag
much
M
amo
ed t
part
to t
four
that
forf
ny o
and
mor
ation
far f
ly a
ficia
ble t
unifo

TO THE READER.

WITH the hope, in some measure, to improve, or innocently amuse, my readers; were the motives which led me to offer the following Essays to your perusal; for *fame* is a slippery, uncertain baggage, in whom I am not willing to repose much confidence.

My versification of Mr. *Hervey's* Meditations among the Tombs was finished before I had reached the nineteenth year of my age. It was my particular study to adhere as closely as practicable to the words of the original; and where I have found myself under the necessity of departing from that rule, for the sake of the metre, I fear I shall forfeit your approbation. I am sensible that many of my lines, perhaps all, are rough and frigid; and it is possible that I could have rendered them more harmonious, by frequent revisals and alterations; but might I not, in that case, deviate so far from Mr. *Hervey's* expressions, as to be not only a more indifferent imitator, but a merely superficial poetaster? and is it not infinitely more eligible to enjoy a feeble, though unerring ray, which uniformly guides us to a great and durable light,

than to look for direction in our path from a glittering, momentary meteor, which suddenly attracts our notice, but in an instant vanishes to shine no more?—I have several times, it may be much too often, made use of the monosyllables *do, did, doth, &c.* but I must beg leave to observe, that *verbs* are too consequential in the formation of either prosaic or poetical compositions; and too necessary for the preservation of sound sense, and grammatical accuracy, to be rashly excluded from that place which propriety of speech requires they should retain: and I will take the liberty of hinting, that the equally often repetition of the conjunction *and*, or any other word in the *English* language, might produce sensations in us alike harsh and disgusting.—Probably it may be objected, that regular poetry prescribes the total rejection of *triplets*. I do confess I think *Alexandrines* wholly inadmissible, as being affected and unnatural; but, in a poem of considerable length, I certainly do look upon *triplets* to be justifiable, as, according to my notion of them, they relieve the reader from a tedious, unpleasant monotony, when judiciously introduced; but whether or no I have confined myself within the bounds of methodical exactness in that respect, I must entirely submit to your generous and candid decision.

—Four beautiful lines of Mr. *Pope's* Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady, I have preserved, because I could not conveniently omit them; but as I had not the unpardonable effrontery of making any change in them; so neither had I the audacity of falsely arrogating them to myself.—But some person may be tempted to exclaim with indignation, Have we not Mr. *Hervey's* Works in their native elegance of dress? Why, then, should any part of them be imposed upon us, when only clad in rags? To this humiliating expostulation I reply by another question, Have we not also the holy scriptures, the plain, infallible guides to salvation, laid open before us? and do we not stand in need of incessant exhortations to accept of, and turn to our everlasting advantage, those treasures of inestimable felicity? That portion of Mr. *Hervey's* valuable productions which I have presumed to exhibit in a new shape, is confessedly of the highest importance, and claims our most serious consideration. Daily experience demonstrates that we are all the mortal sons of fallen *Adam*.—Infancy, youth, vigorous manhood, and infirm old age, are alike exposed to the resistless and unrelenting shafts of death. The grisly tyrant pays no respect to the bloom of beauty, the parade of wealth, or the haughty display

of power; but levels in the dust of indiscriminate and impartial equality, the mighty potentate, and the despicable slave. Here we have no abiding place, but are rapidly approaching to that state, either happy or miserable, which must be our lot to all eternity! How unspeakably interesting is it, then, to have always in our view any warnings which may stimulate us, in this our short and probationary existence, to prepare for admission into the glorious, incomprehensible joys of immortality? Perhaps the novelty of the matter may induce my fellow creatures to cast an eye over my verification of the Meditations among the Tombs: but let me earnestly beseech them not to stop here: let me intreat them in the warmest manner, to compare it minutely with the original; which cannot fail of ultimately bringing with it a reward, amply compensating for a task which, at first, may be irksome and forbidding. On every examination, let my inferior performance suffer under the correcting hand of criticism; yet I shall be abundantly repaid by the comfortable supposition, that the solemn employment will be productive of the most salutary benefits to all those who may permit themselves deliberately to engage in it. — Cheerfully shall I descend to the lowest step of literary reputation, should I, as it were by surprise,

become an humble instrument in the hands of PROVIDENCE, of persuading even a single individual among the race of mankind, to choose "the one thing needful;" to wean his affections from a vain, transitory world; and endeavour, sincerely and heartily, "to make his calling and election sure," by "so numbering his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom."

For our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, I shall offer no other apology, than to express my regret at not being able to do more justice to words uttered immediately by the mouth of God himself. The elegant simplicity of the discourse in the original; the benevolence of the doctrines it contains; and the dignity of the Divine Preacher; are circumstances which have always made the most sensible impressions on my mind; and will, I trust, prove some excuse for my having ventured to lay before you, though in an infinitely meaner garb, a subject of such eminently conspicuous excellence and perfection. The succeeding portions of scripture consists of very striking, and highly awful extracts; on which account, infinitely rather than for any value I lay upon my versification of them, I fervently hope they will be seriously perused, and meditated upon, by all those into whose hands they may chance to fall. Old gold is said to acquire purity from its age.—Long contracted friend-

ships are most highly esteemed.—The worth of vases, paintings, &c. is estimated in proportion to their antiquity.—Yet all these are of a perishable nature!—And shall we not prize, in an incomparably higher degree, the long delivered oracles of God, which have “brought life and immortality to light,” and can alone make us wise unto salvation? It is inexpressibly to be lamented that the Bible is, in these days of modern refinement, an antiquated, neglected book; but as fashions and customs are ever on the change in other instances, possibly it may yet become polite to study the written word of God; and when that happy period arrives, may its duration be as permanent as the world itself!

My little piece on the Attributes of God, is by no means conceived to possess any other merit than that of a fervent, though weak, desire of displaying a few of the boundless, and inexpressibly to be revered, titles peculiarly applicable to the great Creator and Governor of the Universe; and of implanting in our souls becoming and venerable ideas of our almighty and beneficent Sovereign and Preserver. For my own part, neither the execution of this, nor of any others among my poetical attempts, when compared with the performances of respectable authors, could meet with a cordial reception from me; and how can I imagine

that,
of the
toward
by the
T
ones,
poor
prob
given
ary
same
den.
to th
to b
may
fense
prese
leng
in t
of th
reta
gene
quin
upo
to g
date
plai

that, when my own offspring experienced but little of the fond partiality so generally prevalent in parents towards their children, they should be relished much by those to whom they are not in any degree allied?

The four following Essays, like the preceding ones, are productions, well intended, though poorly finished, and whose conciseness will, very probably, be the best advocate to insure their forgiveness. In the lines on *Age*, the word *momentary* I understand as opposed to *eternity*; and the same term in the lines on *Death*, must signify *sudden*. The expressions, *aged youth*, introduced into the poem on *Death*, may appear, at first sight, to be somewhat contradictory in themselves, but may, I flatter myself, be soon reconciled to plain sense, by observing, that they are designed to represent death as *aged*, when we reflect upon the length of time wherein he has exercised his power in the world; and *youthful*, from a consideration of the many ages in which he may yet continue to retain his dominion.—I am not ignorant that the generality of my readers are too intelligent to require any explanations of this sort; but I look upon it as a duty which I absolutely owe myself, to give every information that may serve to elucidate my meaning, and render it as universally plain and evident as possible.

My lines on dry, warm Weather in Spring, succeeded by Rain, are founded upon real observation; though I apprehend I shall, with some show of reason, be accused of prolixity in my manner of handling the subject. Grammatical accuracy requires that, in the concluding paragraph of it, the pronoun *you* should be understood as prefixed to the monosyllable *who*, in three different lines.

For my pastoral Sketches on each Month of the Year, I do not recollect any model which I sought to copy after. They were the amusement of a few leisure hours; and if they should be so fortunate as to secure the approbation of my readers, I seek for no other gratification.

Mr. *Cunningham's* charming Poems on Morning, Noon, and Evening, suggested to me the notion of attempting something in the same way, to which I added my lines on Night. Mr. *Cunningham's* measure is seven syllables; mine consists of eight.—I pretend not to a rivalry—to superior excellence I humbly bow—but should I be allowed to have been successful enough to introduce any natural, descriptive images into my little performances, I shall be perfectly contented with the decision.

In the room of some lines, more imperfect and unfinished than even those which I have submitted.

to your inspection, I have substituted the Epistle of *Tarico* to *Inkle*.

When I was a school-boy, a relation of mine, long deceased, was so kind as to lend me the *original* poem of *Tarico* to *Inkle*, which he got from an intimate friend, the author of it, who had been dead many years before it came into my hands. I took a copy of it, which, together with the original happened to be mislaid shortly afterwards. When nearly seven years had elapsed, at which time I was a student in *Trinity College*, I was lucky enough to recover my copy; but the original is totally lost. On my return from the country to town, I had it published in the then DUBLIN CHRONICLE, printed by WILLIAM SPOTSWOOD & Co. from which it found its way into several newspapers in *Ireland* and *England*. It was also published in the form of a pamphlet in *Dublin*, by said SPOTSWOOD & Co. where it met with a very rapid sale; and I understand it went through repeated editions in *London*, in a similar shape, and was purchased with great avidity. Unless the singular elegance of the epistle should serve to detect the imposition, I could safely pass with the public as the author of it—a kind of fraud, however, which I shall never be guilty of. Into the poem, as now printed, I have incorporated ten or twelve lines

of my own, and made three or four alterations in the original, too immaterial to be particularized.

Thus having given a feeble, though candid, critique of the matter contained in my book ; and inserted in my Preface a few notes and explanations with which I was unwilling to burthen the body of the work, I will hasten to a conclusion of what may already be considered to have been rather prolix.

I shall not envy the mental or bodily attainments of any one ; nor do I mean to press forward as an impudent competitor with any writer of approved excellence, for epic or lyric wreaths to adorn my temples. All riders do not manage the winged *Pegassus* alike. Some require the constant use of the curb, to keep him within proper bounds. Others can lay the slackened reins upon his comely neck, and journey on with gentle pace, secure from danger. Many, when even mounted on his back, demand unremitting care to retain their seats, and the constant use of whip and spur to urge him on his way. I have got only my foot in the stirrup, and may find it nearly, if not altogether, impracticable to bestride the famed charger. However, my humble muse, which has hitherto ventured to crop only a few tender sprigs at the bottom of *Parnassus*, may, possibly, be encouraged,

in time, to undertake the bold attempt of climbing a little way up the hill, though at the summit she well knows she never can arrive. I implore not a decision partially destitute of justice; but request that those who examine the "beams" which are discoverable in "my eyes," may consider that "motes" are, peradventure, lodged in "their own;" and that

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

"Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be."

I pretend not to that sublimity of diction, or luxuriance of invention, so evidently incompatible with my limited sphere of action; but which would, without doubt, evince themselves with conspicuous elegance in a more elevated station; and phrases which, falling from me, might be condemned as bombastic and affected; would, when flowing from the pen of a right reverend or right honourable author, be accounted easy and natural. Among the many synonymous terms with which the *English* language fully abounds, perhaps I have been always so unlucky as to prefer the least eligible word; but had I studied to conform to the capricious choice or humour of every petty, self-created critic; the endless variety of clashing-judgments which, in such a case, must have been consulted,

would have utterly annihilated the pieces now offered to your inspection. For who could lay in a claim to approbation, or be exposed to reproof, for a transaction in which he was totally passive? How could any production be completed, which required perfect unanimity from perpetually discordant opinions? Or who could assume the appellation of an author, whilst, on all occasions, he was excluded from the privilege of delivering his ideas and sentiments in expressions of his own adoption? All I aspire to is a candid acknowledgment of the few proofs I have given of acquitting myself with tolerable decency.—I stand in great need of such indulgence; and I fondly conceive that my demand is not improper or extravagant.

As a cordial friend, I would advise the Female Sex, to peruse with attention somewhat more than the first hundred pages of my book; and shall I dare to prescribe the like study to those of my own sex?—When the ball, the theatre, the rout, the gaming-table, or the drunken feast, with perniciously captivating temptations throw out their fascinating baits; and pleasure, with all-bewitching blandishments, allures her unguarded, thoughtless votaries into the dangerous vicinity of destructive sensuality and licentiousness; methinks the timely interposition of a Monitor, reminding them that

they are but animated dust—the creatures of a day—and that the carnal objects of their desire, if pursued with unrestrained avidity, will prove subversive of their never-ending happiness, and, by shortening the slender thread of life, accelerate the commencement of their everlasting torments—should be embraced with a degree of affection proportioned to the magnitude of the important admonitions which it inculcates. The consideration, that all is “vanity and vexation of spirit” here below; that the “things which are seen are temporal” and transitory; that those who passionately attach themselves to riches, or terrestrial gratifications, shall hardly “enter the kingdom of Heaven;” and that the grave, which has been the receptacle of our forefathers, must, in a very short time, become also the repository of us, their children; should teach rational beings, who know, from daily warnings of mortality before their eyes, they cannot escape the shafts of death, and who will be finally tried at the judgment-seat of God for all the thoughts, words, and actions of their lives; to shun the baneful snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and zealously strive to lay up for themselves celestial treasures, which fade not away; which “rust and moth cannot corrupt;” nor thieves or robbers forcibly possess themselves of.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs,	1
Christ's Sermon on the Mount, -	106
Gospel of St. John, 14th Chapter, - -	121
-----15th Chapter, - -	125
-----16th Chapter, - -	128
-----17th Chapter, - -	131
-----18th Chapter, - -	134
-----19th Chapter, - -	138
1st Corinthians, 13th Chapter, - -	143
-----, 15th Chapter, - -	145
Genesis, 22d Chapter, 19 first Verses, - -	150
Exodus, 20th Chapter, 17 first Verses, -	153
1st Kings, 17th Chapter -	155
-----, 18th Chapter, -	158
2d Kings, 5th Chapter, - -	164
Isaiah, 9th Chapter, 7 first verses, -	168
-----, 11th Chapter, 10 first verses, -	170
-----, 53d Chapter, - -	171
On the Attributes of God, - -	173
Advice to the Non-observers of the Sabbath,	175
On Age, - - - -	177
On Life, - - - -	178
On Death, - - - -	179
On dry, warm Weather, &c. - -	180
On each Month of the Year, - -	182
On Morning, - - - -	197
On Noon, - - - -	199
On Evening, - - - -	201
On Night, - - - -	203
Yarico to Inkle, - - - -	205

15 DEC 61

HP

11

A

I stop
And b
Unto
The s
Were
Glad,
To sp

The
With

Page
I
106
121
125
128
131
134
138
143
145
150
153
155
158
164
168
170
171
173
175
177
178
179
180
182
197
199
201
203
205

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

T O M B S.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY,

VERSIFIED.

MEMENTO MORI!

AS I to *Cornwall* lately went abroad,
I stopp'd at a large village on the road;
And being forc'd a short time there to stay,
Unto the neighb'ring church I bent my way.
The sacred doors, like heav'n, to which they guide,
Were for a worthless stranger open'd wide.
Glad, such an opportunity to find,
To spend some minutes there I was inclin'd;

The solemn place, so awfully retir'd,
With pleasing, mournful thoughts my soul inspir'd;

B

Which useful were, I trust, in some degree,
While they possessed and enliven'd me;
From which if any good you can receive,
The narrative fresh happiness will give.

The ancient pile was rais'd and beautify'd,
By hands of men who ages since have dy'd;
And situated in a large grave-yard,
Whence tumult, noise, and hurry were debarr'd:
The body spacious, the structure great,
The whole in grand simplicity complete.
A row of pillars in the midst appear'd,
Whereon the nobly-modest roof was rear'd,
Each object grave and venerable seem'd,
From the dim light which through the windows
gleam'd.

The silent, gloomy aspect of the place,
Did with solemnity the scene increase.
My mind with pious terror was possess'd,
As pensive thro' the inmost aisle I press'd;
Whichev'ry ruder passion wholly quell'd,
And all th' allurements of the world repell'd.

Having due praise to God Almighty paid,
Who in eternal Majesty array'd,
Has heav'n his throne, the earth his footstool
made;

On a fine altar-piece I fix'd my eye,
Which once *Stow's* master-builders did employ;

And
An h
Who
Enab
Ho
Whe
Grati
With
Some
And,
Pray
Reper
But C
Whe
And v
Whe
Th
Its sen
" I an
" My
Surely
Our p
Our g
And w
His dv
Let it
A min
And e

And which with fervent gratitude was giv'n,
 An humble present to the LORD of Heav'n;
 Who graciously a helping-hand did lend,
 Enabling them with joy their work to end.

How lovely, Gratitude! dost thou appear,
 When great JEHOVAH is the object dear!
 Gratitude's the best principle that can
 With real virtue fill the soul of man:
 Something disinterested it shows forth,
 And, grant the term, of noble, gen'rous worth.
 Pray'r chiefly doth regard our future state,
 Repentance our fall'n Nature indicate;
 But Gratitude in *Eden* held its reign,
 When for no crime our parents could complain;
 And will in Heav'n perpetuated be,
 Where GOD's inthron'd to all eternity.

This temper sweet, in accents such as these,
 Its sense of benefits receiv'd displays;
 "I am oblig'd; nor know I how to prove
 "My ardent thanks for your surpassing love."
 Surely we thus most properly declare,
 Our praises for GOD's goodness are sincere;
 Our great Creator's courts to decorate,
 And with due honours beautify his seat.
 His dwelling-place was glorious heretofore,
 Let it not now be sordid, mean, or poor.
 A mind ingenuous will feel great woe,
 And ev'ry people deep reproach must know;

Who on their houses such expence employ,
 In cedar wainscot and vermillion dye;
 While GOD's own building, shameful to relate,
 Stands quite neglected, in a filthy state.

With *Solomon's* address my soul was pleas'd,
 When for GOD's use a temple he had rais'd.
 He had erected, with vast skill and charge,
 A noble structure, exquisitely large;
 But he his work review'd, and, struck with awe,
 The pow'r transcendent of the GODHEAD saw.
 The building was too elegant and blest'd,
 By the most mighty king to be possess'd;
 For entrance to unhallow'd feet, too clean,
 Yet for GOD's dwelling infinitely mean.
 The wise King own'd it was surprising grace,
 That GOD Almighty "there his name should place."
 The passage, with true delicacy fraught,
 Displays a grand sublimity of thought:
 Therefore I shall not hesitate to show
 The pious sentiments which thro' it flow.
 "Will GOD, indeed, vouchsafe to dwell on earth,
 "The place which gives to wretched mortals birth?
 "Behold! the Heav'n of Heav'ns can't thee con-
 "tain,
 "Sure in this house much less thou can'st remain!"
 Unequall'd words! and worthy of his pen,
 Whose wisdom shone o'er all the sons of men!

Who
 Such
 Than
 With

W
 The
 And
 The
 Perh
 The
 Whic
 "W
 But
 To p
 With
 JEHO
 That
 In bo
 Shou
 A mo
 Shou
 Of b
 His
 He'd
 This
 Than
 Na
 Our

Who would not choose, then, rather to possess
Such elevated piety and grace,
Than all the costly furniture to own,
With which his sacred dome superbly shone ?

With admiration we are apt to praise
The costly edifice at which we gaze ;
And while with joy its grandeur we behold,
The merit of the architect is told.
Perhaps the ancient temple having seen,
The disciples' remark our own had been,
Which they have superficially made,
“ What stones and workmanship are here display'd ! ”
But much more noble feelings we shall show,
To pay, with *Solomon*, the thanks we owe ;
With joy our celebrating voices raise,
JEHOVAH's great benignity to praise,
That God, the High and Mighty, whom we trace,
In boundless glory thro' the rounds of space ;
Should will in special manner there to live,
A mortal building for his house receive ;
Should manifest a wonderful degree
Of benedictive grace and majesty ;
His presence show to sinners, and declare
He'd “ make them joyful in his house of pray'r ! ”
This should our hearts more sensibly delight,
Than costly structures gratify the sight.

Nay, the eternal God does not refuse
Our souls his spirit's dwelling-place to choose ;

And of ourselves a sanctuary make,
 And ev'n our bodies for his temple take.
 Ye who rely on critics' catching wings,
 And nicely weigh the difference of things ;
 Quickly approach, and by your judgments show
 " Whether of joy or wonder more we owe."
 Himself he humbleth, as the scriptures tell,
 To view the beings that in Heaven dwell,
 'Tis a most condescending proof of love,
 Of angels and archangels to approve ;
 When lowly from their heav'nly thrones they all
 In homage to their great Creator fall.
 And will He poor, polluted dust regard,
 And with a gracious union us reward ?
 Unrivall'd honor ! Privilege divine !
 Be this inestimable portion mine !
 Then will I not for regal titles strive,
 Or keep the haughty claim for pow'r alive,

But let me think what sanctity of mind,
 And upright conversation is enjoin'd,
 Of such relations to raise my weak voice ;
 Remember this, " and tremblingly rejoice."
 Durst I, whilst thro' these hallow'd courts I walk,
 Contract iniquity in deed or talk ?
 Or could *Jerusalem's* High-priest permit
 Himself a known transgression to commit ;
 While he into th' holy of holies made
 His yearly solemn entrance ; and array'd

In fac
 Beco
 No,
 No t
 Temp
 And
 I all
 Lest
 Why
 Carry
 Why
 As be
 Who
 As th
 If we
 Gon
 That
 With
 Instea
 Our l
 From
 A pur
 To w
 Who
 And v
 Our u
 I ca
 Which

In sacred robes, with reverence bestow'd
Becoming worship to Almighty God?
No, truly. In such circumstances, sure
No thinking man could possibly endure
Temptations, the remotest, to assail,
And o'er his probity of heart prevail.
I all indecency of carriage dread,
Lest I by it to evil should be led.
Why is not, then, this jealous, holy strife,
Carry'd thro' all our ordinary life?
Why to ourselves is not just honor shown,
As beings sanctify'd to God alone?
Whom living temples of himself he makes,
As the unerring word of scripture speaks?
If we our conduct as true Christians guide,
God says he "dwells in us," and will abide.
That this one doctrine of religion would
With strength abiding on our souls intrude!
Instead of countless laws 'twould regulate
Our lives, and holiness in us create.
From such convictive pow'r we would desire
A purity of purpose to acquire;
To walk and live deserving of his care,
Who makes us his paternal kindness share;
And who, with majesty transcendent crown'd,
Our union with himself and son has own'd.

I cast my eyes next on the letter'd floor,
Which, like *Ezekiel's* roll, was written o'er.

I soon perceiv'd that the similitude
 Held also in another manner good ;
 And the inscriptions usher'd in a train
 Of vary'd " lamentations, woe, and pain."
 My observation they did much excite,
 And to peruse them silently invite.
 And what would these dumb monitors relate,
 If I should on them some time contemplate?
 " That under their circumferences lay
 " Such and such pieces of deceased clay,
 " Which once had liv'd, could play, converse, and
 " move,
 " And thro' life's various scenes of action rove ;
 " That to preserve their names they had the care,
 " And of their memories the trustees were."

Now being rous'd from deep contemplation,
 Ah ! cry'd I, is such my situation !
 The everlasting God doth me surround,
 And bones of fellow-creatures laid in ground !
 With the revering Patriarch, sure I,
 " How terrifying is this place !" should cry,
 Devotion, and a sober frame become,
 To all eternity, this holy dome.
 O ! may I never enter lightly here,
 But with an awe profound, and godly fear !
 From all irreverence may I be free,
 And banish ev'ry sign of levity !

“ That they were wise !” th’ inspired Penman
said,

When for his people his last wish he made ;
He breath’d it out, and Nature’s will obey’d.
But what is wisdom ? It we cannot find
To speculations critical confin’d :
Researches into Nature cannot show,
Nor history entire this gift bestow.
In his next aspiration the divine
Lawgiver says, “ that this they would define !”
That they had apprehensions to discern
Their spiritual welfare, and their soul’s concern !
That they had eyes, and wish’d things to pursue,
From which their peace eternal would ensue !
How can the race of mortals, poor and mean,
Knowledge so infinitely rich attain ?
I send them not, the rev’reud Teacher said,
To read the works of all alive or dead ;
By thinking of their latter end they can
This awful science with less trouble scan.
This spark of Heav’n is very often lost,
By glitt’ring pomp of erudition crost ;
But shines most evidently in the gloom,
And dreary habitations of the tomb.
Drown’d is this gentle whisper in life’s cares,
Amidst the noise of secular affairs ;
But in retirement most distinctly speaks,
And for its dwelling contemplation takes.

Behold how providentially I'm brought
To wisdom's school, so worthy to be sought!
A very faithful master is the grave,
And these tombstone's instructive lessons leave.
Come, calm attention! and my thoughts compose!
And heav'nly spirit! bless what you disclose!
That so these awful pages I may read,
As "to salvation to grow wise" indeed!

Searching mortality's records, I found
That with memorials they did abound.
Of numbers who, promiscuously here,
Had bid adieu to earthly joy and fear.
Huddled they were, and did together lie,
Of rank regardless, or seniority.
Within this house of mourning, for chief seats,
Or for the highest rooms, were no debates.
On eager expectations none here dwell,
Of being honor'd in their darksome cell.
Men of experience and years who, when
They liv'd, were oracles to other men;
At feet of babes contented were to sleep,
And here uninterrupted silence keep;
Masters and servants, with like ornaments
Were clad, who lodg'd in these cold tenements;
The poor as soundly slept, as softly lay,
As the possessor opulent and gay.

All the
A gra
Or sep

Wh
For ra
Since
When
Why f
Or deb
Since v
In com
Oh! t
The pr
And ou
As our

Amo
A jarri
But lik
On the
Their t
And to
Here t
By Dea
Here a
The sm
Perhap
Unite i

All the distinction that in them I found,
A grassy hillock was, with osiers bound,
Or sepulchres with imagery crown'd.

}

Why, said my working thoughts, should we com-
For rank or precedence, as things so vain ; [plain
Since equal meanness is each person's fate,
When this is changed to another state ?
Why should we, then, exalt ourselves so high,
Or debase others for their poverty ;
Since we must all, on our allotted day,
In common mix, in undistinguish'd clay ?
Oh ! that this cogitation might pull down
The pride of other people, and my own ;
And our imagination sink as low,
As our frail dwellings must in short time bow !

Among these relics, doubtless, we will find
A jarring int'rest, and discordant mind ;
But like some able daysman, Death has laid
On the contending parties hands, and made
Their former variances all obey,
And to an amicable end give way.
Here those who, living, were at enmity,
By Death are brought to dwell in unity.
Here all embitter'd thoughts they drop, nor know
The smallest difference 'twixt friend and foe.
Perhaps their crumbling bones together all
Unite in common, as they mould'ring fall.

Those who were filled with invet'rate hate,
 And for each other ills did meditate ;
 Here to their quarrels put a peaceful end,
 And friendly in the grave together blend.
 O ! that these ashes would such counsel give,
 That we together might in friendship live ;
 Resentment's fever from our minds erase,
 Nor suffer passion's fierceness to increase ;
 Mindless of injuries, and free from strife,
 To pass the thorny road of human life ;
 That no more variance the quick might dread,
 Than's in the congregation of the dead !
 But I such general remarks suspend,
 And to particular my thoughts now bend.

Yonder white stone doth evidently show
 An emblem of the innocence below ;
 And tells each passenger, that underneath
 A tender infant lies, consign'd to Death,
 When it had scarce receiv'd the gift of breath.
 There lies the peaceful infant, without pain,
 Nor knows what labor and vexation mean ;
 There it " lies quiet," with no care oppress'd,
 It sleeps profoundly still, " and is at rest."
 When in the right'ous laver of the LORD,
 It was to second, spotless birth restor'd ;
 Regenerated, 'twould no longer stay,
 When its impurities were wash'd away ;

But,

And t

What

So hat

That

And o

Its Say

When

And h

The c

But, v

Refus

Was t

Look'

Then

The f

O h

Direct

More

The da

And to

By ma

Who

Have

To the

And to

But, bound for Heav'n, stretched out its callow
wings,

And took a speedy leave of earthly things.
What did the little sojourner, then, find,
So hateful and disgusting 'mongst mankind ;
That it so soon to leave them was dispos'd,
And on the world its eyes for ever clos'd ?
Its Saviour would not drink, before he dy'd,
When he the vinegar and gall had try'd.
And had our new-come stranger to its lip
The cup of life rais'd, and begun to sip ;
But, when the bitter potion it had prov'd,
Refus'd the draught, and straight its head remov'd ?
Was this the reason that the babe so shy,
Look'd on the light with a scarce open'd eye ;
Then did to more inviting regions haste,
The sweets of undisturb'd repose to taste ?

} O happy Voyager ! who, launch'd abroad,
Directly to the wish'd-for haven rode !
More happy they, who, by the billows tost,
The dang'rous tempests of the world have cross'd,
And to safe harbours have at last attain'd,
By many storms and grievous troubles gain'd !
Who " thro' various tribulations driv'n,
Have enter'd finally the port of Heav'n ;"
To their convoy divine have bliss secur'd,
And to their fellow-toilers joy procur'd ;

Have giv'n examples with good counsel fraught,
By which succeeding pilgrims might be taught !

O fortunate probationer ! who were
Chosen without exercise of pain or care !
'Twas thy peculiar privilege to be
From all the woes of thy survivors free ;
Which oft the bravest fortitude oppres,
And on the firmest faith inflict distress.
Affliction's arrows, with sore anguish barb'd,
Are for our choicest comforts oft reserv'd.
Temptation's fiery darts for ever fly,
By *Satan* aim'd at our integrity.
But you, sweet babe, by Providence lov'd,
From such distress and danger were remov'd.

Think, then, ye mourning parents, nor complain
For breathless children, as ye weep in vain.
Why should you be in lamentations drown'd,
While your young babes with victory are crown'd,
Before the sword was drawn, or cruel strife
Had shed its venom on the ills of life ?
Perhaps Almighty God foresaw some wile,
Some tempting evil that should them beguile,
Of sore adversity, a dreadful storm,
Or of dire wickedness, a monstrous form.
How then in words which nothing can avail,
Against that kind precaution dare you rail ?

That, which your dear and pleasant plant convey'd,
Free from temptation, to a fragrant shade ;
Before the lightnings flew, the thunders roar'd,
And its destructive rage the tempest pour'd ?
Remember that of them you're not bereav'd,
But from " the coming evil they are sav'd."

And let survivors, doom'd to bear the heat
And burden of the day, with joy relate,
That this for their encouragement they've got,
More honor's won by having bravely fought,
Than should the victory with ease be gain'd,
Or a rich prize be with small toil obtain'd.
They who with resignation could obey
Afflictive Providence's angry sway ;
And who glad homage to the cross have paid,
On which their blest'd Redeemer once was laid ;
Who did their minds with perseverance fill,
And faithfully perform their master's will :
These, after they on earth God's praise have sung,
While fervent gratitude inspir'd each tongue ;
Perhaps in Heav'n like brightest stars will blaze,
And spread around them their refulgent rays ;
Shall in God's everlasting kingdom see
Stronger joy beam forth in an high degree.

Here a fond mother's grief is sunk to rest,
The blasted hope of a kind father's breast.

Like a well-water'd plant the youth up grew,
 Shot deep, rose high, and manhood had in view.
 But as the cedar just began to tow'r
 Its branching head within the verdant bow'r ;
 And promis'd in a little time to lay,
 O'er all the trees, an arbitrary sway ;
 Behold unto the root the axe is laid,
 The blow is struck, by which its honors fade,
 And did he fall alone? O ! no ; the joy
 And comfort of his father, brought so nigh ;
 And all the hopes which fill'd a mother's heart,
 At once were blasted by Death's fatal dart.

Doubtless, it would have pierc'd one's heart to
 view

The tender parents their dead son pursue.
 Perhaps, o'erwhelm'd with tears, void of relief,
 On this same spot they stood, choak'd up with grief.
 This thought disturbs me ; and methinks I see
 The griev'd pair at this sad solemnity.
 Their hands they wring, in agonizing pain,
 And weep their lov'd, lost son, but weep in vain.
 Is it but fancy all? or do I hear
 The mother's anguish for her breathless dear ;
 Of her soul's darling taking her last leave,
 While for her pangs no comfort she'll receive?
 Dumb she remained, while with pain she sees,
 The end put to the awful obsequies :

She l
 'Till
 Her
 She l
 And
 The
 And
 With
 " Fa
 " W
 " Fa
 " To
 " Th
 " My
 Fr
 What
 If the
 And t
 If you
 If you
 O ! f
 Coun
 By w
 And i
 Then
 Or in
 If the
 Will

She leans upon the partner of her woes,
'Till irrepressible her torture grows.
Her sorrows of all comfort her bereave ;
She hastily advances to the grave ;
And fastens one more look on her lov'd boy,
The last, alas! she ever must enjoy ;
And as she looks, with mournful words she cries,
With broken accents, and heart-rending sighs ;
" Farewell, my son ! my dearest son, farewell !
" Would to God I had died ere you fell !
" Farewell, my child, to happiness and you !
" To both I now for ever bid adieu !
" Think not that pleasure can for me be found ;
" My head shall sink with sorrow to the ground."

From this afflicting sight let parents know,
What to their children's interest they owe ;
If they thro' moral paths would have them run,
And the destructive wiles of *Satan* shun.
If your own bodies' offspring can you move,
If you regard those pledges of your love ;
O ! spare no pains ; be diligent to teach
Counsel, by which they may to Heaven reach ;
By which they saving wisdom may receive,
And in the " nature of the Lord may live."
Then may their life yield comfort to your mind,
Or in their death you'll consolation find.
If their span is prolong'd, their blameless ways
Will be a staff for your declining days.

If in the midst their years be lopp'd away,
 With greater hopes, and with less fears, you may }
 Commit their lifeless bodies to the clay ;
 Than the survivors you can send to know
 What benefits from education flow.
 The future hopes of having them restor'd,
 Will solace for your present loss afford ;
 When you receive them to your longing arms,
 Highly improv'd in noble, godly charms.

A trial hard it is, I must confess,
 And more afflictive than I can express,
 A blooming child, sprung from your loins, to leave
 In the recesses of the gloomy grave :
 Upon your knees whom you have dandled long,
 And caught delightful accents from its tongue ;
 Join'd to your love by many a fond tie,
 Become now both the comfort of your eye,
 And the supporter of your family ! }
 Doubtless you would in keenest anguish mourn,
 To have the dear one from your bosom torn.
 But O ! you and the child would more be cross'd,
 To have his soul from GOD for ever lost ;
 For early sin, or shameful want of grace,
 Debarr'd from ev'ry hope of saving peace :
 And doom'd to regions of corroding pain,
 With fiends in endless torments to remain !
 How would it your distresses aggravate,
 Conscious of your neglect, when now too late,

If the
 While
 " Th
 " Bet
 " Is f
 " Th
 " A n
 " Bu
 " No
 " In t
 " Th
 " An
 " An
 " Its
 " W
 " Ete
 " Th
 " "Ti
 " Ev
 " In
 " Its
 " Th
 No
 Can a
 Rack
 Contr
 How
 Who

If these reflexions should your mind employ,
While weeping you attend your breathless boy !
" This child, tho' capable to know long since,
" Between what's good and ill the difference ;
" Is from the world remov'd, before it knew
" The mighty end for which life's breath it drew.
" A momentary life it had from me,
" But no instructions fraught with piety ;
" Nothing from me its happiness t' insure,
" In that state which it now must still endure.
" The breathless corpse is in the coffin plac'd,
" And left in the cold, silent grave to waste :
" And what good reason have I to suppose,
" Its precious soul enjoys more sweet repose ?
" Why may I not more justly apprehend,
" Eternal punishment must be its end ;
" That by a judge impartially severe,
" 'Tis sentenc'd endless misery to bear ?
" Ev'n while I weep at its untimely fate,
" In utter darkness it may deprecate
" Its hated birth-day, and for ever mourn,
" That 'twas of such a wicked parent born."

Nought but the worm that shall for ever live,
Can anguish like self-condemnation give.
Racks, pains, and tortures must be easy things,
Contrasted with remorse's gnawing stings.
How very earnestly I wish, that they
Who have the management of children, may

Take against conscience, scourges timely care,
Which at the last intolerable are,
By striving early in their minds to move
Knowledge of CHRIST, of truth a cordial love !

On this hand one is lodg'd whose tomb does show
A tale indeed of pitiable woe !

Well may the little images recline,
O'er the dumb ashes hang their heads, and pine !
None can the melancholy story hear,
But sure must drop, the sympathizing tear.

Just twenty-eight his age ; sudden his death ;
Himself in prime of life depriv'd of breath :
" His bones with manly marrow were replete,
" Full were his breasts of milk," when cruel fate
Did from the body call his soul away,
And give the carcase to its parent clay.

Perhaps his mind, with many pleasures fraught,
Of th' evil hour had entertain'd no thought.

And who could any apprehensions have,
So bright a sun the world at noon should leave ?

Men thought his hill stood in a firm-fix'd place ;
Long life seem'd written in his sanguine face :
Large trains of earthly satisfactions were
The sure solacers of his greatest care.

When, lo ! an unexpected stroke descends,
From that strong arm " which lofty mountains
 rends ;

Which
Crush
And
Than
Perha
Was
Perha
Were
" Yet
" Th
" I'll
" Th
In fu
Bid o
And
On e
How
The
Tho'
He o
Drea
Shou
Depl
On a
Ev'n
And
O !
In be

Which, like the "moth the self-thought hero's might
Crushes" resistless into gloomy night ;
And that as quickly, and with much more ease
Than men to death that feeble insect squeeze.
Perhaps the prospect of his nuptial joy,
Was all that did his warmest thoughts employ.
Perhaps the breathings of his love-sick breast,
Were in a language like to this express'd :
" Yet but a little while, and I'll possess
" The utmost of all human happiness :
" I'll call my charmer mine, and in her have
" The greatest comfort that my heart can crave."
In such enchanting views did some kind friend,
Bid on the op'ning grave his eyes to bend.
And softly hint the momentary span,
On earth allotted to that creature, man ;
How vastly out of time would he have thought
The admonitions which he then was taught !
Tho' rich in seeming bliss, and warm his blood,
He on the brink of dissolution stood.
Dreadful vicissitude ! that bridal joys
Should be exchange'd for Death's solemnities !
Deplorable misfortune ! to be lost
On a fondly-imagin'd friendly coast !
Ev'n in the haven shipwreck to endure,
And sink when happiness was deem'd secure !
O ! what a memorable proof is here,
In best estate how frail and vain men are !

Ye gay and careless look, behold this tomb!
 Regard this day; to-morrow ne'er may come!

Who can tell but the joyful bride-maid's spread,
 And carefully prepar'd the marriage-bed?
 With richest covers had it deck'd and grac'd,
 And softest downy pillows on it plac'd?
 When—O! do not on youth or strength rely,
 Since mortal beings have no certainty;
 But trust in GOD, unchangeable on high—
 Death, unrelenting death prepares to find,
 In the cold earth, beds of another kind.
 Unto his grave he must be carried out,
 Not with a splendid or a joyful rout;
 But stretched in the gloomy hearse he lies,
 While mourning friends attend the obsequies,
 He must on this take up his resting-place,
 Nor ever change it “ ’till the heavens cease.”
 In vain the yielding fair her dress puts on,
 And lacks for nothing but her spouse alone.
 Did she not like *Sifera's* mother peep
 Out of the lattice, wond'ring what could keep
 Her much-desired, long-expected love,
 Or “ make his chariot wheels so slowly move?”
 Little suspecting her intended mate
 Had done with all his transitory state!
 That everlasting cares his mind employ,
 None of *Lucinda*, once his chiefest joy!

Go, d
 All is
 Go, t
 Felicit
Fidelio
 And L
 She h
 Forge

Th
 And h
 By th
 We t
 He pa
 The b
 Youth
 And t
 Drea
 Yet n

Su
 From
 A po
 To r
 And
 Again
 Such
 The a

Go, disappointed virgin! weep, and know
All is uncertainty of bliss below!

Go, teach thy soul aspiring to pursue
Felicity, immutable and true!

Fidelio once gay and gallant rests,
And Death, his mistress, clasps him to her breasts;
She holds him in her icy arms, while he
Forgets, fore'er forgets the world—and thee.

Thus far 'gainst death one's tempted to exclaim,
And him capriciously cruel name.
By thus beginning with the register,
We think all nature's laws inverted are.
He passing o'er decrepit age's bed,
The bud of infancy has oft struck dead;
Youth he has blasted ere to manhood come,
And torn up manhood in its fullest bloom.
Dreadful these providences must appear;
Yet not unsearchable the counsels are,

Such strokes the relatives not only grieve,
From them the neighbourhood surprise receive.
A powerful alarm they loudly sound,
To rouse frail mortals from their sleep profound;
And are intended as a remedy,
Against our carnal, rash security.
Such passing-bells in strongest terms proclaim,
The admonition which from JESUS came;

"Take ye heed, therefore, always watch and pray,

"For ye neither the hour know, nor the day."

We, like intoxicated creatures, slide

On a tremendous precipice's side.

These dispensations, with amazing love,

The messengers of Heav'n themselves approve ;

From our supineness urging us to wake,

And timely circumspection wisely take.

In words I surely need not them express,

Or their interpreter myself profess.

Let each one's conscience be awake, and then

They will appear thus awfully to mean—

"For your last end, ye sons of men, prepare,

"Since in the midst of life in death ye are.

"No state, no circumstance can ascertain

"Your safety, nor a single moment gain.

"So strong and mighty is the tyrant's hand,

"That nothing human can its force withstand ;

"His aim's so certain when his shafts are sent,

"That of the number not one is mispent.

"His arrows oft as quick as lightning fly,

"And wound and kill in twinkling of an eye.

"By constant preparation you can be,

"In all expedients, from danger free.

"The fatal shafts so much in common fall,

"That none can guess who'll next obey the call.

"Then be ye still in readiness to go,

"The final summons comes when least ye know."

Important counsel! forth, methinks, it breaks }
 From sepulchre to sepulchre, and makes }
 In lines addresses, and in precepts speaks.
 The oft-repeated warning, I confess,
 Is but too needful for my happiness;
 And may it by co-operating grace,
 Effectually work a saving peace!
 This truth which we with transport should receive;
 And deeply on our memories engrave;
 Is only sketched lightly on the mind,
 And leaves nought but a slender mark behind.
 We view our neighbour's sick; we see them dead;
 We then turn pale, and feel a trembling dread;
 No sooner are they to our prospect lost,
 But either in the whirl of business tofs'd,
 Or in lethargic pleasures lulled, we
 Forget the errand of the Deity.
 Our minds unstable an impression feel, }
 Like the thin air pierc'd by the barbed steel, }
 Or billows furrow'd by the cutting keel.
 To cure this wonderful stupidity,
 A neighb'ring monument addresses me.
 It a poor mortal's story comprehends,
 Call'd to the dread tribunal from his friends;
 Without time of the one farewell to take,
 Or for the other a short pray'r to make;
 Kill'd, as the usual expressions flow,
 By a sudden and accidental blow.

Was it a chance wound? Doubtless the stroke
came

From an hand which invisibly took aim.
The heav'nly angels the great LORD obey,
Who ruleth all things in the earth and sea;
Except GOD pleaseth nothing can advance,
'Tis he directeth that which men call *chance*.
Nothing, 'tis plain, can ever come to light,
But what he plans and regulates aright.
If accidents fall out, they ever must
Proceed from GOD, and what he wills is just.
The LORD, with whom the issues of life are,
The warrant and commission did prepare.
The disaster, thought casual, is only
The tool to execute the great decree.
When wicked *Ahab* fell, it was believ'd
He accidentally his death receiv'd.
"A certain man at venture drew a bow—"
To him at venture, for he thought it so.
But GOD omnipotent, who dwells on high,
His arm had strengthened, and could descry
The shaft was aim'd by an unerring eye.
So that which men call *chance* is just the same
As Providence, chang'd only in its name;
Which can deliberate designs reveal,
And its interposition still conceal.
How cheering this reflexion is, to cure
The throbbing anguish which mourners endure!

How a
Their
How
The te
Ev'n i

The
We're
Our no
Our pr
We ma
We liv
From a
And D
One ni
Was r
The ne
And re
Young
His am
But De
Him fr
Hung
But th
Chamb
Or ple
But in
Their

stroke

How admirably fitted to compose
 Their spirits, yielding to a weight of woes !
 How excellently suited to erase
 The tears of good survivors, making place,
 Ev'n in the midst of countless griefs, for peace !

The wall 'twixt this world and the next how thin !
 We're out of this almost as soon as in.
 Our nostrils' breath does only separate
 Our present being from another state :
 We may the journey make so hastily,
 We live this moment, but the next may die.
 From a card-table *Chremylus* arose,
 And Death in darkness did his eyes inclose.
 One night, *Corinna*, gay and sprightly all,
 Was richly dressed at a splendid ball :
 The next, a corpse, pale, stiff, and wan she lay,
 And ready to be mingled with the clay.
 Young *Aiticus* liv'd only to complete
 His ample, costly, and commodious feat ;
 But Death, the dreadful tyrant Death, debarr'd
 Him from all pleasure in the house he rear'd.
 Hung were the shades to admit the light,
 But their Lord's eyes were clos'd in endless night.
 Chambers were furnish'd to invite repose,
 Or pleasure which society bestows ;
 But in the lone, silent mansions of the tomb
 Their owner rests, in his low, earthly room.

re!

Gardens were plann'd according to his mind,
A thousand noble ornaments design'd ;
But to " the place of skulls," depriv'd of breath,
Their master's gone down to the vale of death.

Many, I doubt not, while I recollect,
This tragical vicissitude expect.
The eyes of that great GOD who sits upon
The circle of the earth, and views with one
All-seeing look the poor sojourners there,
See many tents which now afflicted are :
Afflicted, as when in one night the pride
And strength of the *Ægyptians* were destroy'd :
When the resistless arrows flew abroad,
Shot by the heav'nly messenger of GOD.
Some from their easy chairs sink on the floor,
Nor can their shrieking friends relief procure :
Some in an arbour as reclin'd they lie,
Tasting the sweets which from the blossoms fly.
Some, as in pleasure-boats they sail along,
O'er dancing streams, or laughing meads among ;
Nor is the grim intruder mollified,
Tho' wine and music flow on either side.
Some, intercepted on their journey home ;
And as they enter on great matters, some.
Some are assail'd, as in their hands they hold
The gains for which their justice has been sold :
And even some are taken by surprise,
Just as they lust or malice exercise.

No care can stop, no prudence can foresee,
The vary'd ills which wait us constantly.

Numberless dangers compass men around ;
A starting horse may fling one on the ground ;
And while his body on the stones is thrown,
His soul is launch'd into the world unknown.
A stack of chimnies tumbling from on high,
May crush the man who thinks no danger nigh :
Or ev'n the dropping of a single tile,
May prove as fatal as the total pile.
The thread of life's so very thin and weak,
It storms not only tear, but breezes break.
Occurrences most common, whence we fear
No harm, may weapons of destruction bear.
A grape-stone or an insect, for our doom
Fatal as arm'd *Goliath* may become.
Nay, if Almighty God command should give,
We from our comforts would our death receive
The air we breathe's our bane, the food we eat,
Contributes much our life t' attenuate.
The enemy does on us oft encroach,
By many roads that further an approach :
Yea, lies intrenched in our very veins,
And in the seat of life his fort retains.
The crimson blood with which our health is fed,
Is with the seeds of death impregnated.
Inflam'd with heat, or by great toil annoy'd,
The parts design'd to cherish are destroyed.

Some cause unseen its passage may revert,
 Or violence unknown its course divert ;
 By either of which cases if it moves,
 A pois'nous draught, or deadly stab it proves.

Since the possession of our earthly house,
 Is so uncertain and precarious ;
 Let us be always ready, and prepare
 To flit, since but at will we tenants are.
 Except we thus prove good habitually,
 We are like wretches that on top-masts lie,
 And soundly sleep, tho' tempests raging blow,
 Or gulphs yawn horrid, or waves foam below.
 What satisfactions can our hearts elate ?
 Can peace or comfort be in such a state ?
 Whereas, a constant preparation will,
 Into our bosoms cheerfulness instill ;
 Which for our peace will efficacious prove,
 And which no low vexation can remove ;
 And a firm constancy of mind create,
 Not to be quell'd by any dangerous threat.
 When the town with strong walls is fortify'd,
 And with great quantities of food supply'd ;
 Well guarded by stout troops, resolv'd to fight, }
 What then can the inhabitants affright, }
 Who may rejoice, ev'n when the foe's in fight ? }
 The taste of life, of death the constant mind,
 By such, or by much firmer bands are join'd,

I said
 We fro
 And fee
 That se
 Yon ma
 My on
 There
 Lamen
 Alas !
 When
 The in
 While
 She gi
 The li
 And t
 Yet he
 Or sho
 And f
 While
 Affor
 " Ala
 " An
 In my
 So mu
 Bette
 Than

I said, should God Almighty orders give,
We from our comforts would our death receive :
And see the truth inscribed by the hand
That seal'd Fate's warrant, and gave the command.
Yon marble-graced monument contains
My once-lov'd friend's deposited remains ;
There does the body of *Sophronia* lie,
Lamented much, who did in child-bed die.
Alas ! how oft the tender branches shoot,
When the stem withers to the very root !
The infant often is preserv'd from death,
While she that bare him yields her latest breath.
She gives him life, but pitiable thought !
The life she gives, by her own death is bought.
And tho' her infant's eyes are brought to light,
Yet her's are clos'd in everlasting night.
Or she expires, perhaps, in pangs severe,
And for her offspring does a tomb prepare ;
While the complaint of a sad monarch doth
Afford a mournful epitaph for both :
" Alas ! the children to the birth are come,
" And there's not strength to yield them from the
" womb !"

In my opinion, we ought not to grieve
So much the loss we in this case receive.
Better, the stranger in the womb should rest,
Than living, by afflictions be oppress'd,

Better, its eyes should in the womb be clos'd,
 Than to a world so dang'rous be expos'd ;
 Without the guide of its infantile days,
 Wanting a mother, to direct its ways.

Distinction's easily in this tomb found,
 By the grand ornaments with which 'tis crown'd.
 Affluent hands, it seems, the model drew,
 Directed by a noble heart, that knew
 No niggard boundaries of love, and thought
 For the deceas'd enough could ne'er be wrought.
 Methinks an emblem'd picture it holds forth
 Of lov'd *Sophronia's* elegance and worth.
 Does the fair color with her beauty vie,
 Or faintly tell her white rob'd purity ?
 Her good and amiable manners were
 Smooth as these stones, polish'd with so much care :
 The whole adorned gracefully, not plain,
 Not proudly pompous, or sordidly mean ;
 Like her unfeigned goodness it appears,
 Not ostentatious, but which endears.
 But ah ! too soon those lovely charms have fail'd !
 What has the sparkling of thy eyes avail'd !
 The beauty of thy bridal youth, how vain !
 Or from thy noble birth what didst thou gain !
 Alas ! too weak the possessor to save
 From savage death, or from the yawning grave.
 How ineffectual alas ! does now
 The love of numerous acquaintance grow !

Not th
 Nor th
 Thy li
 These
 The be
 " How
 " To
 " A h
 " 'Tis

Yet
 True
 Do no
 And t
 The p
 In gi
 Do th
 Her c
 The
 The
 Whe
 In ri

H
 The
 The
 The
 How
 And

Not thy transported husband's fondest love,
 Nor thy fair fame, as spotless as a dove,
 Thy life could lengthen, or death's stroke remove. }
 These circumstances on my mind impress
 The beauty which those tender lines express ;
 " How lov'd, how valu'd once avails thee not ;
 " To whom related, or by whom begot.
 " A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 " 'Tis all *thou* art, and all the *proud* shall be !"

Yet tho' unable to divert the blow,
 True faith the sting of death can overthrow.
 Do not those lamps such silent truths proclaim ?
 And the bright heart that blazes like a flame ?
 The palms that flourish, and the glitt'ring crown,
 In gilt, well imitated marble shown ?
 Do they not to discerning eyes declare
 Her constant faith, her fervency of pray'r ?
 The victory which o'er the world she found,
 The heav'nly wreath with which she shall be crown'd ;
 Wherewith the LORD her goodness will repay,
 In right'ous judgment at the final day ?

Happy the husband was in such a mate,
 The sharer of his bed and his estate !
 Their inclinations nicely were in tune ;
 Their conversation was all unison.
 How silken was the yoke to such a pair ?
 And in their bands what blessings twisted were ?

With them each joy in mutual increase grew,
And ev'ry care alleviation knew.
Nothing, they thought, their bliss could so improve,
As hopeful children, pledges of their love.
That they might have the happiness to see
Themselves increas'd in their posterity ;
Their mingled graces in their offspring find,
And feel affection of the warmest kind,
“ Grant us this gift,” their common pray'rs express,
“ We ask but this to crown our happiness.”

To future things alas ! how blind are men !
Unable to discern what's good, and when !
With an impatient, unbecoming cry,
Said *Rachel*, “ Give me children, or I die !”
From this a disappointment she receiv'd,
Great as the blessing which she thought she crav'd.
Not to a wish deny'd she dates her doom,
But its completion marks her for the tomb.
If children like to flow'ry chaplets are,
Which for their parents balmy odors bear,
Whose beauties bloom with ornamental pride,
And shed refreshing sweets on ev'ry side ;
Some fell misfortune, or relentless death,
May twine itself amidst the lovely wreath.
When'er our souls are pour'd out with desire,
Something of small importance to acquire ;
The words of our bless'd LORD we truly may,
“ Ye know not what ye ask,” to ourselves say.

Doth C
In mer
And fr
Refuse
With a
From v
Where
The bi

Ma
Bend u
But ou
To G
May v
To fa
And v
To be
For i
Be wh
So, r
That

He
Whic
But f
Purc
No c
Nor

Doth GOD reject our wishes? He denies
In mercy that from which our woes arise;
And from a principle of kindest love,
Refuses that which would our ruin prove.
With a sick appetite we oft refrain
From what is good, and languish for our bane.
Where Fancy dreams of some unmingled sweet,
The bitterness of woe we often meet:

May, therefore, no desires immoderate,
Bend us to this or that terrestrial state;
But our condition wholly to refer
To GOD omnipotent, who cannot err!
May we learn wisdom, and be ready still
To sacrifice our wishes to GOD's will;
And with submissive thankfulness submit
To be disposed of as he shall think fit!
For if, indeed, his precepts to obey,
Be what will certain happiness convey;
So, resignation to his will, secures
That bliss, which to eternity endures.

Here, on the ground a small, plain stone is plac'd,
Which with no beautifying sculpture's grac'd;
But from a frugal fund, one would suppose,
Purchas'd it was, and under it arose.
No costly ornament is on it found,
Nor is it with one decoration crown'd;

A very short inscription's on it made,
 So much effac'd, that it can scarce be read,
 Did the depositary, void of faith,
 Omit its duty to the corpse beneath?
 Or were the letters thus effaced by
 Th' approach of the surviving family,
 Which at the tomb met mourning, to revive
 The mem'ry of a good, lov'd relative?
 For on more close inspection I perceive
 The body of a father's in the grave.
 A worthy and relig'ous father, who
 His children left, ere they to manhood grew;
 Ere they had worldly settlements procur'd,
 Or with sound principles their souls secur'd.
 ' Of all considerations hitherto,
 This, sure, is the most pitiable woe.
 The sadness of such dying chambers leaves
 Scenes the most melting that the mind receives.
 There a fond spouse and tender parent end,
 A gen'rous master, and a faithful friend.
 He yields there to the last extremities,
 And on the point of dissolution lies.
 All art can do, already has been try'd,
 But the disease has medicine defy'd:
 It hastes impetuous in the pursuit,
 Its horrible commands to execute;
 The silver cord of life to tear amain,
 And rend the tie of mutual love in twain.

One
 Casting
 And,
 Condo
 The gr
 His or
 Does t
 While
 His fri
 But m
 A sym
 Can to
 Unless
 By file
 Or pic
 From
 His po
 Franti
 Their
 And p
 "Wil
 "And
 These
 And 'g
 With
 While
 Sunk i
 The w

One or two servants at a distance stay,
Casting a train of wishful looks this way ;
And, as with grief their swelling bosoms rise,
Condole their master in a flow of sighs.
The grac'ous way wherein he us'd to give
His orders, which with joy they did receive ;
Does to their minds his former worth recall,
While down their honest cheeks the tears fast fall.
His friends, whose pleasing converse once could cheer,
But miserable helpers now appear.
A sympathising pity's all they now
Can to relieve or succour him bestow ;
Unless it be rais'd and augmented more
By silent pray'rs, in which they God implore ;
Or pious words of consolation yield,
From proper texts, with which the Scripture's fill'd,
His poor and helpless children flock around,
Frantic with grief, and in tears almost drown'd,
Their little souls they sob out, and complain,
And passionately cry, but cry in vain ;
" Will he then leave us, our weak state to moan ?
" And must we on a wicked world be thrown ?"
These parted torrents all together join,
And 'gainst the wretched spouse their force combine ;
With complicated woes she is oppress'd,
While tides of sorrow overwhelm her breast,
Sunk in extreme distress, in her by turns
The wife, the mother, and the lover mourns.

By her his death is much severer found,
 Who had in long-endearing bands been bound.
 Alas ! where can she find such excellence ?
 Where place such unreserved confidence ?
 Can she a counsellor gain so discreet ?
 Where an example so improving meet ?
 Where find a guardian, who such pains would take,
 Merely for her, and for her children's sake ?
 Behold ! how o'er the languid bed she hangs,
 Rack'd with a sad variety of pangs ;
 Most tenderly solicitous to ease
 The pains which on her dearest help-mate seize,
 And, if 'twere possible, from death to shield
 A life, for which her own she'd gladly yield.
 A life, for which she solely wish'd to live,
 Which only to her offspring bliss could give.
 See her hands shake with apprehensive pain,
 And from the livid cheek the cold dews clean ;
 On her kind arms sometimes compose to rest
 The sinking head, with racking ills oppress'd,
 Or lay it on her pity-feeling breast.
 Behold her heart with speechless ardor rent,
 While on the meagre form her eyes are bent ;
 While her soft passions with vast fondness beat,
 And her soul's pierc'd with griefs extremely great.

The sick man, patient and adoring still,
 Yields and resigns him to the heav'nly will ;

And by
 An hea
 He's fe
 Of his
 And pic
 Who fo
 And for
 Will be
 Yet, "
 His tru
 His con
 And dea

The f
 Makes
 Himself
 To his f
 He to hi
 And in h
 Kisses th
 Then th
 " I die,
 " But ye
 " Altho'
 " In hea
 " An un
 " Can on
 " Or yo

And by submissive piety obtains
 An healing balm for his afflictive pains,
 He's sensibly affected with the state
 Of his attendants so disconsolate ;
 And pierc'd with anx'ous trouble for his wife,
 Who soon must lead a lonely, widow'd life ;
 And for the children who, when fatherless,
 Will be expos'd to multiply'd distress.
 Yet, " tho' cast down, not in despair," for fast
 His trust remains, God's word shall ever last.
 His comforters he comforts, when at ease,
 And death with majesty of woe obeys.

The soul, just going to forsake the corse,
 Makes her last effort, and collects her force.
 Himself he raises on the pillow, and
 To his sad servants stretches a kind hand ;
 He to his friends his mournful farewell speaks,
 And in his feeble arms his dear wife takes ;
 Kisses the pledges of their love with grief,
 Then thus pours out the small remains of life :
 " I die, my children dear, you I must leave,
 " But you the everlasting God will save.
 " Altho' in me an earthly parent fall,
 " In heav'n you have one who is All in All.
 " An unbelieving and a wicked heart,
 " Can only make you from his joys depart,
 " Or you from his endearing love divert."

His heart was full, he could no farther go;
 His utterance fail'd him, quite oppress'd with woe.
 After a breathing short, but with great pain,
 Prompted by zealous love, he thus began :
 " On you, dear partner of my soul, on you
 " Falls the sole care of our poor orphans now.
 " 'Tis true, I leave you under grief weigh'd down,
 " But God still makes the widow's cause his own ;
 " God, who in faithfulness and truth doth speak,
 " Hath said, I ne'er will leave you, nor forsake,
 " From this my drooping spirits strength receive ;
 " Let also this my bosom's wife relieve.
 " O Father of Compassion, now I yield
 " Into thy hands my soul, with comfort fill'd ;
 " Encourag'd by thy promis'd tenderness,
 " Under thy care I leave my fatherless."

He fainting fell, when he these words had said,
 And lay some minutes senseless on the bed.
 A taper thus, ere 'tis extinguish'd quite,
 Oft blazes quick, and gives a quiv'ring light :
 So life, ere 'twas for ever finish'd, gave
 A parting struggle, willing to receive
 Once more the joy his eyes were wont to leave. }
 He fain would speak, desirous to reveal
 The tender thoughts which in his mind prevail.
 He more than once essayed, but alas !
 Th' organ of speech like a crack'd vessel was ;

When he attempted any words to frame,
 They all were stopp'd by the obstructing phlegm;
 His aspect, though in ev'ry air and look,
 Affection inexpressible bespoke.
 The father all, and husband in his eye,
 With stedfast view once more he does espy,
 And gaze with ardor on his children dear,
 Whom he oft saw with a paternal care:
 On that lov'd wife then turns his dying sight,
 Whom he ne'er view'd but with supreme delight:
 Fix'd in this posture, amidst smiles which pleas'd,
 And gleams of heav'n, his last, fond look he gaz'd.

On this, their silent grief no stoppage knows,
 But gushes in a rapid tide of woes.
 They wept, nor any comfort would receive,
 Till time a vent to their afflictions gave;
 And 'till Religion's consolation stay'd
 The wounds which their excess of sorrow made.
 Then the sad family search for, and dwell
 On the unfinish'd sentences, which fell
 From the good lips of him they lov'd so well.
 In *Jeremiah's* prophecy they find
 This healing balsam for a wounded mind;
 They, guides to boundless wisdom take from thence,
 And promises of vast beneficence:
 "Thy children fatherless leave to my care;
 "Them I'll preserve; nor let your widows fear."

Those grac'ous promises do now impart
Joy to their lives, and comfort to each heart,
They treasure it up in the memory,
As a most rich and useful legacy.
Upon it they rely, and on it build
Their hopes of having ev'ry wish fulfill'd;
That all their honest works, crown'd with success,
Shall still insure unfading happiness.
The sacred pledges of God's favour leave
The greatest wealth felicity can give.
They lack no good, nor evil apprehend,
Since God's their guide, their guardian, and their
friend,

Soon as my own momento is away,
And the memorial of some one's decay;
Sad monitors, successive, come to light,
In gloomy order, crowding on my sight.
That which my observation fixes now,
Bears than the former a more sable brow.
As I conclude, it underneath contains,
Of some more aged person, the remains.
One would suppose that he his station grac'd,
As his among the grandest tombs is plac'd.
Let me approach, and on the stone perceive
"Who, or what object, slumbers in the grave."
Th' inscriptions on his monument relate,
He once was owner of a large estate,

Which
He sav
And th
Somev
Then,
One o
At day
And e
Not t
Nor f
But o
Ten t
Did h
And f
Hous
Until
That
Of th
Take
And
Bu
Of w
How
To t
Whe
Than
How
Who

Which by attention, care, and industry,
He saw augmented in a great degree;
And that he in life's busy period dy'd,
Somewhat advanc'd beyond his noon-day pride.
Then, probably, reply'd my musing mind,
One of those ceaseless drudges, that we find
At day-break rise, at midnight go to rest,
And eat their bread, with carefulness oppress'd;
Not to secure the kindness of the Lord,
Nor for their wants provision to afford;
But only heaps of riches to enjoy,
Ten thousand times more than they can destroy,
Did he not schemes for getting money frame;
And strive to raise his family's proud name?
Houses to houses join, and field to field,
Until his wishes to his wealth should yield?
That then he'd sit in quiet, and partake
Of things which kept his senses still awake;
Take some short respite from terrestrial toil,
And think, perhaps, on endless things awhile?

But here behold the gross absurdity
Of worldly wisdom and sagacity!
How shallow, childish, silly the pretence
To that which we call masterly prudence!
When it on *time* bestows more anx'ous cares,
Than when it for *eternity* prepares!
How much insatuated, then, are they
Who subtly scheme out measures for a day;

Who to chimeras carefully attend,
 On fleeting shadows waste their time, nor spend }
 A thought on certainties that ne'er will end !
 When ev'ry wheel moves smoothly on, and all
 The fit designs for execution call ;
 When long-expected happiness appears
 At hand, and all our fondest wishes cheers ;
 Behold! the LORD Almighty laughs on high
 At the weak *Babel-builders* vanity ;
 The labor'd bubbles, touch'd by death, decay,
 And into empty air dissolve away.
 The cobweb, spun most fine and gay, indeed,
 Is broke, and swept away with rapid speed ;
 All the designs abortive are suppress'd,
 And in the grave with their projector rest.
 So true the verdicts of the LORD become,
 Which seal these lucky wretches' lasting doom :
 " Behold how they on flitting shadows lean,
 " And trouble and perplex themselves in vain ! "

Ye that attended such a one at death,
 And heard the sentiments of his last breath !
 Speak, I beseech you, say, did he not cry
 In the words of cross'd sensuality ;
 " O death! how dreadful thy approach appears,
 " To one immers'd in secular affairs !
 " Who with pursuits of present pleasures fraught,
 " Of hereafter unceasing never thought !

"How am I comforted, what have I gain'd,
 "Or what great depth of knowledge is contain'd
 "In being dex'trous in concerns below,
 "When I eternal happiness forego?
 "Mistake most wretched! oh destructive choice!
 "I too much pains employ'd on worldly joys;
 "To fleeting toys I was too much confin'd,
 "But oh! I then cast heaven from my mind!
 "I forgot endless ages! that my days—"
 Here he was going some vain hope to seize;
 To breathe some wish; of some void comfort dream,
 Or ineffectual resolution frame;
 But sudden tremblings shook his nerves; straightway
 His frame dissolved into lifeless clay.

May an unhappy brother's dying word
 To this world's children due advice afford!
 May they from their deep lethargy awake,
 And benefit from his misfortune take!
 Why should they with impatient warmth complain,
 When they some white and yellow earth can't gain,
 As if the world did not enough contain?
 Why with thick clay should they themselves press
 down,
 When "they're to run for an immortal crown?"
 Why should this world seem pleasant to their eyes,
 When they should "press to their high calling's
 prize?"

Why should they, then, that vessel overload;
 In which their everlasting all is stow'd?
 Or superfluities why should they crave,
 When they must swim, their lives alone to save?
 Yet so prepost'rous is the life of those,
 Who their chief bliss on affluence repose;
 Who full of industry, time's trifles hoard,
 Yet scarce wish for the riches of the Lord.

O! may we walk through those toys' glitt'ring
 train,

With wise indiff'rence, if not with disdain!
 May we superior to such baubles rise,
 And cast them henceforth from our wond'ring eyes!
 Having conveniences enough for life,
 For wordly treasure let us wage no strife.
 Let us accommodate ourselves below,
 And let from heav'n our greatest blessings flow.
 Whereas, if we indulge an anx'ous care,
 Or lavish hopes on transitory ware,
 So firm an union they'll in us create,
 That keenest pangs the parting stroke await.
 By such a warm attachment to the joy,
 Which will be ravish'd from us certainly:
 Woe 'gainst the agonizing hour we'll gain,
 And plant, aforehand, our death's couch with pain.

Some got to seventy years, as I perceive,
 Before they took their lodgings in the grave;

Some few
 They of
 These,
 "In yo
 Ere thei
 Ere nat
 When k
 And loc
 When
 To ben
 And in
 Raifes
 Before
 Before
 In whi
 "No
 If,
 And t
 In suc
 At ma
 For,
 Whic
 All th
 By ir
 Ill ha
 And

Some few resigned not their breath before
They of revolving harvests saw fourscore.
These, I would hope, by rev'rend duty sway'd,
"In youth due homage to their GOD have paid;"
Ere their strength did to toil and sorrow turn;
Ere nature languishing began to mourn;
When keepers of the house tremble thro' fear,
And lookers at the window darken'd are:
When ev'n the little grasshoppers small weight,
To bending shoulders seems a burthen great;
And in lethargic, listless souls, desire
Raises a faint, and quickly fleeting fire;
Before those tiresome hours approach us nigh;
Before those heavy moments closer fly;
In which there's too much reason to complain,
"No pleasure nor improvement they contain."

If, then, their lamps were destitute of oil,
And they expos'd to Satan's snares meanwhile;
In such decrepit circumstances, sure,
At market they're unfit some to procure.
For, besides great varieties of woe,
Which from enfeebled constitutions flow;
All their corruptions must have gain'd great force,
By irreligion's uncheck'd, lengthen'd course.
Ill habits must the deepest roots still find,
And twist them with each fibre of the mind;

They must be all as thoroughly ingrain'd
 In their affections, as the soot which stain'd
 Th' *Ethiop's* visage of a dusky hue ;
 Or spots which in the leopard's skin we view.
 If one who under such misfortunes lies,
 Should above each opposing hardship rise ;
 And, spight of all, to glory onwards flee,
 It must indeed a great salvation be.
 If such a one, thro' all temptations pass'd,
 Free from destruction should escape at last,
 It must be as if he thro' fire was cast.

This is the season that does comfort ask,
 And is improper to begin the task.
 The husbandman should now his hook prepare,
 Or of the fruit of his hard labor share ;
 Not now begin to furrow up the earth,
 Or scatter seed to bring forth a new birth.
 'Tis true, God brings all that he wills to pass ;
 " Let there be light, he said, and light there was :"
 Light instantaneous, as quick as thought,
 A passage thro' primeval darkness wrought,
 At his command a leprosy most foul,
 Of longest stay, is instantly made whole.
 He, in the greatness of his strength, can raise
 Not only sinners that are dead four days ;
 But at his word, restor'd to life, appears
 The wretch deceas'd for even fourscore years.

Yet do
 Nor tru
 God m
 May in
 And to
 Shall "

Ye th
 The pre
 Improv
 And to
 Tread i
 To the i
 By whic
 And gai
 O ! stan
 Nor tri
 But hast
 Be alwa
 Ev'n wh
 Loit'rin
 Just in t
 And, qu
 Not lon
 Its prett
 Or hopp
 Insensibl
 Just the
 The bir

Yet do not points of such vast moment try,
 Nor trust so dreadful an uncertainty.
 God may his help withdraw, his pow'r suspend :
 May in his wrath swear that those who offend,
 And to abuse his tender mercy dare,
 Shall " never his eternal comforts share."

Ye that are strong in health, in bloom of days,
 The prec'ous opportunity now seize,
 Improve your golden hours, be wise in time,
 And to the noblest purpose strive to climb ;
 Tread in those paths which may secure your right
 To the inheritance of saints in light :
 By which you endless youth may call your own,
 And gain of glory an immortal crown.
 O ! stand not idle all the prime of day,
 Nor trifle immense, offer'd bliss away ;
 But haste, oh ! haste, nor still inactive sleep ;
 Be always ready God's commands to keep.
 Ev'n while in gay insensibility,
 Loit'ring in senseless ease, repos'd you lie ;
 Just in that moment death his bow may bend,
 And, quick as thought, his killing arrows send.
 Not long ago a thoughtless jay I spy'd,
 Its pretty feathers dress with busy pride ;
 Or hopping carelessly from spray to spray,
 Insensible that danger near it lay.
 Just then a sportsman passing by beholds
 The bird, as it its gaudy plumes unfolds ;

The hollow tube he raises instantly,
 And takes his aim with an unerring eye.
 Swifter than whirlwinds flies the leaden death,
 And straight deprives the silly bird of breath.
 Such may the fate of those be who delay
 The fair occasion to get grace to-day;
 Who wantonly postpone their happy state,
 And for improvement 'till to-morrow wait.
 Death in their foolishness may them surprise,
 While they dream of hereafter being wise.

Some came, no doubt, to this their last retreat,
 With length of days and piety replete;
 "As shocks of corn in blooming vigor blow,
 "And, fill'd with plenty, ripe in harvest grow."
 These were the children of true light, and who
 God's wisdom in their generation knew;
 Who were wise in what should them most employ,
 Wise for that happiness they now enjoy.
 They richer and more honourable were,
 Than all the votaries of *Mammon* are,
 Swift wings were furnish'd for the wealth of one,
 Which is now irrecoverably gone;
 While the poor gatherers are sent away,
 Thro' fields of want and penury to stray;
 Where not one drop of water they can gain,
 To cool their tongue, or ease their scorching pain.
 Whereas, the others always are supply'd
 With riches, which shall with them still abide;

Which l
 Them c
 No pow
 Wealth
 And suc
 May ea
 Riches,
 Treasur
 Riches,
 And wi

Their
 And lie
 Here th
 And ha
 With r
 Compl
 The fle
 Nor lon
 Here fr
 And he
 Here lo
 Nor th
 But sw
 And fa
 Rest th
 Rest q
 'Till th
 And w

Which leave them not, but constantly afford
Them comfort in the city of the LORD.

No pow'r created could their wealth o'erthrow ;
Wealth which God only could on man bestow :
And such, O pleasing thought ! may I attain !
May each poor, longing sinner such obtain !
Riches, which ever-saving faith insure,
Treasures of knowledge, heavenly and pure ;
Riches, which bless us by atoning blood,
And with imputed right'ousness endu'd.

Their bodies here a " certain quiet share,
And lie in " habitations free from care."
Here they have from them ev'ry burden cast,
And have from ev'ry snare escap'd at last.
With racking pain the head no longer aches ;
Complaints in tears the eye no longer makes ;
The flesh no more with pangs acute is torn ;
Nor longer with distempers ling'ring worn.
Here from their hardships they get a release,
And here for ever their afflictions cease.
Here low'ring danger never does them harm,
Nor threatens them with any harsh alarm ;
But sweet tranquillity makes soft their beds,
And safely watches their reposing heads.
Rest then, ye prec'ous relics, in the tomb,
Rest quiet in this hospitable gloom ;
'Till the last trumpet gives the welome sound,
And wakes you sudden from your sleep profound ;

“ Arise, shine forth, in heav’nly light array’d,
 “ On you the glory of the LORD’s display’d.”

To these, how calmly did life’s ev’ning run !
 How kindly pleasant was their setting sun !
 Then, when their flesh and heart fail’d them thro’
 How did the mem’ry of the LORD them cheer ! [fear,
 Who, to preserve them from the sting of guilt,
 His spotless blood in speechless mercy spilt !
 How did their Saviour their souls revive,
 For their justification now alive !
 How cheering the well-grounded hope of grace,
 And for their sins, with GOD Almighty peace
 Thro’ JESUS CHRIST our LORD ! this will assuage
 Their griefs, and sweeten death’s tormenting rage.
 Has wealth pull’d all her golden mountains down ?
 Where’s honor with its trophies of renown ?
 Where are the pomps of a vain world now fled ?
 At death’s approach can they their comforts shed ?
 Can they compose th’ affrighted thoughts, or buoy
 The soul departing in its agony ?
 The followers of CHRIST seem pleas’d, and death
 Is conquer’d even with their latest breath.
 “ They on GOD’s everlasting arms repose,”
 While he, their fainting heads, preserves from woe.
 His spirit to their souls does peace intill,
 And bends the conscience to his holy will.
 With the strength of these heav’nly succours fill’d,
 They conquerors, not captives, quit the field ;

On GOD
 Fraught

Now
 The stru
 In gloom
 The sou
 But say
 Which
 When c
 Instead
 O how
 Thro’ u
 While t
 The va
 Farewe
 Farewe
 They’r
 “ Com
 While
 Sweet
 Hails t
 And sp
 “ Ye e
 “ And

Wh
 Here l
 From
 For a

On God's most faithful promise they rely,
Fraught with full hopes of immortality."

Now they are gone, and rest in quiet peace,
The struggles of reluctant nature cease.
In gloomy death the body lies asleep;
The soul is launch'd into the sightless deep.
But say, who can imagine the surprise,
Which will then seize on their delighted eyes;
When on them an angelic crowd attends,
Instead of companies of weeping friends?
O how securely in their course they ride!
Thro' unknown worlds how safely do they glide!
While these celestial guides direct their flight,
The vale of tears is lost in endless night.
Farewell, farewell for ever, realms of woe!
Farewell, malignant beings' rage below!
They're come to states with boundless comfort stor'd:
"Come to the city of the living LORD;"
While a voice sweeter than the softest lyre,
Sweet as the Seraphim's harmonic choir,
Hails their arrival, and rejoicing sings,
And speaks their entrance to the KING OF KINGS:
"Ye everlasting gates, your heads now rear,
"And give admission to each godly heir."

While good men's bodies slumber in the grave,
Here let us, now, "their souls and spirits leave;
From an entangling wilderness preserv'd,
For a most pleasant paradise reserv'd;

Settled in realms of unmolested peace,
 Where their disquietudes and sorrows cease.
 They sit with *Isaac, Jacob, Abraham,*
 In the LORD's kingdom, with the holy LAMB.
 Here with innumerable saints they shine,
 And round God's throne exalt their voice divine;
 Glad in fruition of their present joy,
 On certain expectations they rely,
 That they'll be blest'd yet inconceivably;
 "When God the heav'ns and earth calls, from above,
 "That he in judgment may his people prove."

"Their life fools reckon'd madness, since they
 "found

"Their end approaching with no honors crown'd:
 "But they are rank'd among the Sons of God,
 "And endless bliss share in the saints' abode."
 However, then, a vain world may despise,
 Howe'er the truly good it vilifies;
 Be this my greatest and supreme desire,
 The utmost happiness I can acquire!
 "Let me, oh! let me meet the just man's fate;
 "Let me enjoy his death, and future state."

What figure's that which strikes my gazing eye,
 And from the wall shines so conspic'ously?
 It does not only eminently grace
 A grander, and more elevated place;
 But seems, majestically proud, to bear
 A more than ordinary splendid air.

The stor
 Swords,
 These v
 And the
 Let me
 It holds
 Whe
 To this
 'Cause
 That f
 What e
 Who f
 Who,
 Altho'
 Becam
 That v
 His
 And w
 Which
 Ev'n h
 But C
 Tho' l
 The f
 Calls
 He w
 Himse
 Whos
 Ev'n

The stone the instruments of slaughter wears,
Swords, muskets, cannons, bay'nets, darts, and
These with each other on its face entwine, [spears;
And thence with formidable grandeur shine.

Let me see what the monument contains—

It holds a noble warrior's remains.

Wherefore, thought I, is such respect now paid
To this heroic soldier's fleeting shade ;

'Cause he the public good so highly priz'd,
That for it he was gladly sacrific'd ?

What endless fame is, then, by him procur'd,
Who for our sakes such agonies endur'd !

Who, tho' commander of th' angelic bands,
Altho' he all the heav'nly hosts commands ;

Became a willing, bleeding sacrifice,
That we to endless happiness might rise !

His life from one, as being mortal, flew,
And which was long to divine justice due ;
Which to the debt of nature soon would yield,
Ev'n had it fall'n not in the bloody field ;
But CHRIST gave up the ghost, and flesh became,

Tho' he JEHOVAH was, the great I AM ;

The fountain of existence, who alone
Calls bliss and immortality his own.

He who supposed it no fraud to call
Himself an equal to GOD All in All ;
Whose outgoings from everlasting ran,
Ev'n he was made in likeness of a man ;

From the land of the living was cut off,
 And to vile wretches was a sneering scoff.
 Wonder, O heav'ns! O earth, astonish'd be!
 That CHRIST should feel such dreadful agony!
 He dy'd the death, of whom we witness have,
 He's "the true God, and endless life can give."

The one to willing perils was expos'd,
 When he his king's and country's foes oppos'd;
 Which, tho' it beaming glories might display,
 Yet would an ignominious mind betray,
 In such good circumstances to gainfay. }
 But CHRIST the blessed grasp'd the bloody sword,
 Tho' he was KING of Kings, of Lords the LORD.
 CHRIST JESUS, the sole monarch, took the field,
 Tho' in the conflict he was sure to yield;
 And put on harness, tho' he knew before,
 It must be stained with his sinless gore.
 The Prince of heav'n his royal self resign'd,
 Not to mere hazard, but sure death to find;
 To death, now certain in its quicken'd pace,
 With horrors bursting from its grisly face.
 And for whom did he these dire torments bear?
 Not for those who at all deserving were;
 But disobedient creatures to befriend,
 And pardon gain for criminals condemn'd,
 A band of evil rebels, void of grace,
 An inexcusable and wicked race;
 Sinners obnoxious, whom he might leave.

The due
 Without
 His ven
 The
 Was we
 A bulle
 Sheath'd
 Or a str
 And in
 Where
 Did red
 Which
 Ev'n in
 What l
 The mi
 Instead
 The cr
 It ting
 But at
 Oh! v
 When
 And n
 Oh! f
 Did th
 In figh
 His te
 His h
 His fl

The due reward of their crimes to receive,
Without impeachment of his goodness : nay,
His vengeful justice better to display.

The one, 'tis likely, dy'd without much pain,
Was wounded suddenly, and quickly slain:
A bullet lodg'd within his heart, a sword
Sheath'd in his breast, might instant death afford ;
Or a strong battle-ax his brain might cleave,
And in a moment give him to the grave :—
Whereas our Saviour, divine and dear,
Did tedious, protracted torments bear,
Which were as ling'ring as they were severe.
Ev'n in the prelude to his last distress,
What loads of grief his sacred frame oppress !
The mighty pressure, exquisitely fore,
Instead of sweat, drew blood from ev'ry pore,
The crimson gore so from his body rain'd,
It ting'd the pavement, and his raiment stain'd.
But at the last scene of the tragedy,
Oh ! what a mournful sight might one espy !
When to the cross the minister of woes,
And nail'd his body with his piercing blows ;
Oh ! for how many dismal hours of pain,
Did that illust'rous sufferer remain,
In sight of God, of angels, and of men !
His temples with the thorny crown in scars ;
His hands and feet cleft by the iron bars ;
His flesh all cover'd with severest smart,

Trembling and agonizing in each part ;
 And torments of unspeakable distress,
 On his blest'd soul, his very soul did press !
 So long he hung, in sympathizing tone,
 Nature for him thro' all her realms made moan.
 The earth, such barbarous indignities
 Beheld amaz'd, and trembled with surprise ;
 The sun, when these black actions came in view,
 Shudder'd with horror, and its beams withdrew.
 Nay, so long did this sufferer sustain
 The last extremity of bitter pain ;
 That, quick as thought, the alarm of it fled
 To the dark regions of the distant dead.
 Still, O my soul, with this vast truth be fill'd,
 The Lamb of God was seiz'd, was bound, was kill'd ;
 Slaughter'd with greatest inhumanity,
 And suffer'd agonizing death for thee !
 His executioners so studious were,
 Their cruel means of torture to prepare ;
 That ere its fatal dregs he had drank up,
 Each drop of gall he tasted in the cup.

Once more ; the one did like a hero die,
 And fell in battle, fighting gallantly.
 But went not Jesus as a fool to rest ?
 Not mark'd with scars of glory on his breast ;
 But as some wicked villain on the rack,
 With lashes of the vile scourge on his back.

Yes, C
 On the
 And the
 Between
 CHRIST
 Outcast

What
 Can we
 What v
 Who dy
 He did
 That w
 And, p
 To our
 Alas !
 Cannot
 He onl
 With g
 Then l
 Thy to
 Inscrib
 Not in
 But in
 Which
 With
 But w
 Let it
 Indeli

Yes, CHRIST the blessed, how'd, ere he was dead,
On the accursed tree, his fainting head;
And the beneficent Redeemer dy'd,
Between two wicked felons crucify'd;
CHRIST was 'twixt heav'n and earth suspended high,
Outcast from both, and whom each did deny.

What suitable returns of ardent love
Can we make to the holy ONE above?
What worthy thanks can he from us receive,
Who dy'd for us, that we thro' him might live?
He did in ignomin'ous anguish die,
That we might flourish in the heights of joy;
And, plac'd on thrones of endless glory, raise
To our Redeemer fervent songs of praise.
Alas! we impotent and senseless clay,
Cannot to CHRIST sufficient duty pay.
He only who does such rich gifts bestow,
With grateful warmth can make our bosoms glow.
Then let, most gracious IMMANUEL,
Thy tomb of gratitude in our souls dwell.
Inscribe the mem'ry of thy matchless grace,
Not in those characters we can erase;
But in that precious and heav'nly blood,
Which from your veins in gushing torrents flow'd.
With neither ax nor chissel it prepare,
But with that spear which your bless'd side did tear.
Let it in characters conspic'ous stand,
Indelible, not made by mortal hand;

On marble tables do not it impress,
But fix it on our inmost hearts' recess.

Let me observe one thing more ere I leave
This entomb'd hero, and his garnish'd grave.
These methods ostentatious, how mean,
Which strive to bribe the votes of fame, and gain
Some little stock of posthumous renown,
To future times thus proudly handed down !
How poorly polish'd alabaster shows
The great advantage that from virtue flows !
Or how does mimicry of sculptur'd stone
Express the memorable deeds we've done !
His countrymen think with affecting grief,
On the great merit of this bleeding chief :
His patriotic zeal, in honor's cause,
Would be remember'd with the best applause,
Long as the nation is with safety crown'd,
Without such artful means to spread the sound.
Such are the methods by which I would strive
To keep my certain memory alive.
Let such memorials be, then, impress'd
Deep on each of my fellow-creature's breast.
Let my surviving friends a witness bear,
That for myself alone I did not care ;
Nor wholly in my generation live,
Without attempts some benefits to give.
O ! let a long, uninterrupted line
Of tender deeds, on my inscription shine ;

And let
Of all m

Let a
Point a
" Ther
" With
" Who
" And
" How
" And t
" 'Tis o
" With
" And
" That
Let a m
Once ig
Let suc
As o'er
" Here
" Who
" I'll m
" I pos
" I tre
" Wou
" Had
" Mar
" I of
" Nor

And let my wishes for the happy state
Of all my friends, be shown upon the plate.

Let all the poor, as by my grave they press,
Point at the spot, and thankfully confess,
"There lies the man, who to each varied grief,
"With ceaseless tenderness still gave relief;
"Who kindly visited my painful bed,
"And me in poverty with plenty fed.
"How oft did his instructions guide me right,
"And to my cast-down spirits yield delight?
"'Tis owing to the seasonable store
"With which God bless'd him, to relieve the poor,
"And the wise counsels which he us'd to give,
"That I exist, and now in comfort live."

Let a man who once trod ungodly ways,
Once ignorant, his eyes to heaven raise;
Let such a one within his bosom talk,
As o'er my grave he takes his pensive walk,
"Here lie the relics of that friend sincere,
"Who for my soul had such paternal care.
"I'll ne'er forget how heedless and how gay
"I posted onward in perdition's way;
"I tremble when I think what endless woe
"Would very soon my wretched soul o'erflow;
"Had not his admonitions, always right, [flight.
"Mark'd out the way, and stay'd my thoughtless
"I of the holy gospel nothing knew,
"Nor had I its abundant wealth in view;

" But since his prudent converse guided me,
 " The all-sufficiency of CHRIST I see ;
 " And, animated by his constant pray'r,
 " I'd all things lose, that I might JESUS share.
 " Methinks, his speeches, with religion fill'd,
 " In my ears tingle, and sound comfort yield ;
 " Methinks, his godly precepts yet impart
 " Joy to my soul, and transport to my heart ;
 " And will, I trust, yet more and more encrease,
 " In shedding on me operative grace ;
 " Until we meet in mansions not prepar'd
 " By men ; eternal, in the heavens rear'd."

But the infallible and surest way,
 Foundations for our endless bliss to lay ;
 Which is as open to the rich as poor,
 " To make our calling and election sure ;"
 Is to gain godly evidence that we
 Have our names blest'd to all eternity.
 However they may be forgotten, then,
 Or disregarded by the sons of men ;
 They will not fail, for ever to afford,
 Remembrance in the presence of the LORD.
 This is of all distinctions far the best ;
 This will with never-dying fame be blest'd.
 Ambition, do thou then this object claim,
 And holy writ will sanctify thy aim,
 Ev'n grace itself will fan the noble flame.

Memor
 And in
 Those
 Soon m
 Ev'n lo
 With
 But th
 Have
 The b
 That
 When
 Maje
 When
 Under
 Still i
 And l
 Lo
 To th
 Let m
 At th
 The
 And
 As it
 It gi
 Wha
 Pais
 In t
 For

Memorials on earth must shortly cease,
And in oblivion sink, in quiet peace.
Those for whom we the greatest zeal express'd,
Soon must in silence in the coffin rest.
Ev'n letters cut into the solid stone
With iron pens, must soon become unknown.
But those who in the book of life enroll'd,
Have rank'd their names in the MESSIAH's fold ;
The blessed LAMB has openly declar'd,
That bliss unfading shall by them be shar'd.
When a flight of revolving years shall lay
Majestic columns level with the clay ;
When brazen statues can no longer stand,
Under destructive Time's corroding hand ;
Still incorruptible these honors rise,
And bloom triumphant in the splendid skies.

Lo! yonder entrance leads, as I suppose,
To the vault where the silent dead repose.
Let me now turn aside, and take one peep
At those who in this habitation sleep.
The door on rusty hinges slow turns round,
And grates the ear with harsh, discordant sound ;
As it not many visitants enjoys,
It gives me entrance with reluctant noise.
What can this sudden trembling mean, while I
Pais thro' the place where lifeless bodies lie ?
In these still rooms, my spirits, nothing fear,
For " ev'n the wicked cease from troubling here."

Good Heav'ns ! how dismal is this solemn scene !
 Here, ev'n at noon-day, night and darkness reign.
 What doleful, gloomy solitude it wears !
 Not one small trace of cheerful joy appears ;
 Sorrows and terror seem here to have made
 An habitation for their hateful head.
 Hark ! how at ev'ry step the awful sound
 Does murm'ring from the hollow dome rebound,
 Echoes, that long have slept, are now awake,
 And round the walls in sighing whispers speak.

A beam or two finds thro' the grates its way,
 And from the coffins' nails casts a weak ray.
 So many half-hid spectacles of woes,
 Half which the baleful twilight dimly shows ;
 My former apprehensions much increase,
 And add fresh horrors to this gloomy place.
 I read th' inscriptions, and by them I find
 The relics of the great are here reclin'd.
 No poor or vulgar dead could, sure, receive
 So pompous a retirement for their grave.
 The most illustr'ous, and right nobly great
 To this have laid claim as their last retreat :
 And in this place, indeed, they all appear
 A shadowy pre-eminence to share.
 In silent pomp, and mournful rank they lie,
 In sepulchres which shine conspicuously.
 While with small ceremony meaner dead
 " In the pit' stones prepare their silent bed."

My apprehensions wake from their surprise :
 Here are no sprites but which from fear arise.
 But it amazes me when I behold
 The wonders that these nether scenes unfold.
 Those who on vast revenues lately liv'd,
 And from whole lordships consequence deriv'd ;
 In half a dozen feet of earth repose,
 While a few sheets of lead the whole inclose.
 Splendid apartments, and rich furniture
 No longer can their haughty minds allure,
 The shroud's the only ornament they have,
 Instead of rooms they get the darksome grave.
 No longer gawdy retinues of state
 Around this solitary dome await ;
 No more the lordly equipages ply
 For their dead master, who can't them enjoy ;
 Nothing but sable banners, which appear
 The signs of triumph o'er their slaves to wear ;
 Or statues hid by dust, which, while the gay
 Regardless world in pleasure rolls away,
 The sculptor's hand the workman's skill has shown,
 And taught soft tears to flow from solid stone.
 Where is the star which on the breast was plac'd ?
 Or coronet which once the temple's grac'd ?
 The tattered escutcheon now we find,
 And the atchievment, beaten with the wind,
 Are the sole marks of dignity resign'd.

Those who drew from grand ancestors their name
 And pedigree, here drop their lofty claim.
 With creeping things they kindred now retain,
 And quarter arms with reptiles the most mean,
 " They to corruption say, My father be ;
 " To worms, my mother and my sister see !"
 O mortifying truth ! enough to wean
 Desire most sanguine from a world so vain ;
 One would imagine it enough to make
 The soul from its deep lethargy to wake ;
 Above its sickly satisfactions rise,
 Its flitting treasures, and its fading joys.
 Or should they still with arrogance assume
 The style of grandeur in the lonely tomb ;
 Alas ! how weak would the pretence appear !
 The ostentatious vanity how clear !

What's the world to these heaps of breathless clay ?
 What happiness did their pursuits convey ?
 What are their pleasures ? Bubbles stor'd with nought.
 Their honours what ? A dream that is forgot.
 What the sum total of their bliss below ?
 Or what gains did from their enjoyments flow ?
 Perhaps to inexperience'd men it show'd
 A form of something wonderful and good ;
 But lo ! now Death has weigh'd it in his scale,
 And lin'd it out, what does the whole avail ?

Indulge, my soul, a thoughtful pause, and see
 With mindful look each trifling gaiety,

From
 As you
 Exami
 Here,
 Suppo
 And w
 Who
 Shini
 And f
 The p
 When
 To fu
 At th
 By th
 Their
 Will
 And
 That

Ye
 Your
 Of t
 Tha
 A wi
 And
 To u
 Of t
 Nev
 In f

From which such mighty joys were wont to rise,
As your affections seiz'd and charm'd your eyes.
Examine nicely each alluring bait,
Here, of their value form an estimate.
Suppose thyself first eminently plac'd,
And with the favourites of fortune grac'd;
Who in the lap of pleasure roll away,
Shining in robes of honor, always gay,
And swim in tides of boundless riches; yet
The passing-bell will soon thy end repeat.
When once that iron call has summon'd thee
To future test, where would these pleasures be?
At that fix'd point, how all the vain parade
By the luxurious and great display'd;
Their pompous pageantry, and lofty pride,
Will into thin and empty air subside!
And is this state fill'd with such happiness,
That we so eagerly should to it press?

Ye mighty relics of loud sounding ranks,
Your names magnificent claim my best thanks;
Of this world's littleness you've taught me more
Than all the volumes which I have in store.
A winding-sheet, nobility's array,
And all your grandeur mould'ring into clay;
To us the strongest testimonies bring,
Of the small worth of each terrestrial thing.
Never, in truth, did PROVIDENCE record
In so strong characters this awful word,

As in the lifeless ashes of his Grace,
 Or my Lord's corpse, whose vital functions cease,
 Let others cringing, if they please, resort;
 And humbly to your wealthy sons pay court;
 Ignobly fawning their requests renew,
 And for preferments anxiously sue;
 In pensive contemplations oft my mind
 Is to their fathers' sepulchres confin'd;
 And from their sleeping dust learns to restrain
 My expectations from all mortal men;
 From each undue attachment free to climb
 O'er all the little interests of time;
 O'er the delusive joys of pomp to rise,
 And all wealth's gawdy tinsel to despise;
 Still above all the empty shades to live
 Which a vain, transitory world can give.

Hark! what a sound is that? In such a place
 Each noise my former fears serves to increase.
 It breaks again upon the silent air,
 Solemn and slow—the striking clock I hear.
 One would imagine that it was design'd
 To fix the meditations of my mind,
 Methinks it says Amen, and sets a seal
 To each improving hint it may reveal.
 Of my appointed time it seems to say,
 Another portion has now fled away.
 It chimes to me just like the passing-bell,
 And is of “my departed hours the knell.”

'Tis th
 And cr
 " Cat
 " Cat
 " Ere
 " Sinc
 " Lo
 " And
 " Nov
 " And
 " You
 " On
 O!
 Deep
 O!
 " My

O
 Th'
 I for
 And
 Thr
 And
 But
 Wit
 Nor
 Wh
 Wh
 Sur

'Tis the watch-word to vigilance and care,
And crys, "redeem the time," in reason's ear.
"Catch opportunity's refreshing gale,
"Catch it fresh breathing, lest away it steal;
"Ere it shall irrecoverably stray,
"Since life's short span does by degrees decay.
"Lo all thy minutes are upon the stretch,
"And strive with speed eternity to reach.
"Now to eternity thou drawest near,
"And art to endless time a borderer;
"You make advances always to the state
"On which you thoughtfully now contemplate."
O! may the admonition be impress'd
Deep on a willing and attentive breast!
O! may it heav'n's arithmetic supply,
"My days to count, my heart to sense apply!"

Often, yea, often have I walk'd below
Th'impending promontory's craggy brow;
I sometimes did thro' lonely places stray,
And o'er the gloomy desert bend my way;
Thro' dreary caverns frequently did press,
And penetrate their innermost recess;
But Nature never, sure, beheld before
With form so dreadful and tremendous lour;
Nor ever was with like impressions fill'd,
Which with cold awe my breast and vitals chill'd;
Which each black arch, these mouldy walls afford,
Surrounded, and with rueful objects stor'd;

Where melancholy, melancholy dread,
 Her raven wings incessantly has spread.
 Let me no more in these damp places dwell;
 And now, dismal obscurity, farewell!
 And ye, most doleful seats, and shades of night!
 Gladly I visit the returning light.

A superficial prospect having cast
 On these sad domes, where mortals rest at last;
 My prying mind prompts me without delay,
 To a more close and intimate survey.
 And could we open lay the tomb again,
 And see what those are now, who once were men;
 How would the view, to our astonish'd eyes,
 Raise in our bosoms sorrow and surprise!
 How would we start the wond'rous change to trace,
 The mighty change, of all the human race!
 How grieve to see what soul dishonor's paid,
 What small account is of our nature made,
 When in their subterraneous lodgments laid!

Lo! here the gay and sweetly winning face,
 Which wore incessantly attractive grace;
 And once of smiles and loveliness was full,
 Grins horribly a naked, ghastly scull. [sefs'd,
 Eyes, which more bright than diamonds were con-
 And glanc'd sweet lightning on the coldest breast:

Alas!
 The li
 These
 No mo
 The to
 And po
 Has "
 Are th
 Where
 That
 The m
 Is silen
 The p
 In pur
 Is rud
 Once
 "To
 So del
 It flee
 Instea
 On a
 Here
 The a
 Limbs
 And b
 The b
 An he

Alas ! where are they ? Or where shall we find
The links which once these rolling sparklers join'd ?
These orbs eclips'd, in total darkness lost,
No more bewitching, radiant glories boast.
The tongue, that could harmonic charms command,
And pow'rful eloquence, in this strange land
Has " forgot all its cunning ;" and now where
Are those lov'd strains that ravish'd ev'ry ear ?
Where is persuasion's flow, with charms replete,
That could our judgments wholly captivate ?
The master skill'd in language, and sweet sounds,
Is silent as the night which him surrounds.
The pamper'd flesh, so lately cloathed gay,
In purple, linen, and in rich array,
Is rudely cover'd here with clods of clay !
Once the nice, gentle creature could not dare
" To lay its foot upon the ground," through fear,
So delicate and weak it was ;" but lo !
It sleeps in clammy earth enwrapped now ;
Instead of downy pillows rests its head
On a cold, rocky, gravel-formed bed.
Here " strong men bow themselves ;" and here
The arm's unstrung, stout sinews loosend'd are,
Limbs, of activity and strength possessed,
And brawny joints, repose in fullen rest ;
The bones, as bars of iron strong, become
An heap of dust in the lone, darksome tomb.

The man of business here forgets his aims,
 And lays aside his pleasing, fav'rite schemes;
 He ceases to perplex himself in vain,
 And discontinues the pursuit of gain.
 A total stand does in this place arise
 To commerce, and the sale of merchandize.
 Here, as when *Solomon* his temple rear'd,
 No stroke of hammer or of ax is heard.
 The winding-sheet, the coffin, and the tomb,
 To our devices give the utmost doom;
 "Hitherto they may, but no farther come."
 The sons of pleasure here in endless night
 Take a last farewell of each dear delight.
 No longer does the sensualist here
 Anoint with oil, or fragrant rose-buds wear:
 No more his time on lively music waste,
 Nor revel longer at the drunken feast.
 Instead of tables sumptuously fill'd,
 With all the plenty elegance can yield;
 Himself the poor voluptuary gives,
 A treat whereon the fatten'd insect lives;
 "The reptile on his flesh feeds eagerly,
 "And the worm feasts on him deliciously."
 Here all the winning graces disappear,
 And blooming beauty drops her lustre here.
 Oh! how her roses wither and decay!
 Her lillies languish in this chilling clay!

How
 On w
 With
 Wha

No
 Ont
 Wha
 "Is
 "I
 "I
 "Th
 "He
 "An
 "Th
 "An
 "M
 "Eu
 "H
 "W
 "Ca
 "N
 "W
 "An
 "W
 "In
 "W
 "Ac

How the grand leveller contempt does throw
 On what with pleasure made our bosoms glow !
 With what deformity has he defil'd
 What had before the world in bondage held !

Now could the captivated lover gaze
 On the dear nymph which once could so much please,
 What great astonishment would on him seize ;
 " Is this the charmer, whom not long ago
 " I fondly doated on, and loved so.
 " I said she was incomparably fair,
 " That she did something more than mortal share,
 " Her form in symmetry itself was dress'd,
 " And elegance shone in her air confess'd ;
 " The graces all attended in her train,
 " And peerless beauties forg'd the silken chain.
 " Music was in her words ; but when she spoke
 " Encouragement, my raptures she awoke.
 " How my heart danc'd to the delightful sound,
 " While in her converse I all comfort found !
 " Can she, some weeks ago the queen of love,
 " Now so insufferably loathsome prove.
 " Where are those blushing cheeks, alas ! now fled !
 " And where those sweet lips, as the coral red !
 " Where that white neck, on which the curling load
 " In glossy ringlets elegantly flow'd !
 " With numberless perfections of the face,
 " Accompany'd with each becoming grace !

"The dreadful alteration me amaz'd !
 "On the bright meteor I fondly gaz'd :
 "While like a splendid star it shone, methought
 "It was with lasting and firm transport fraught.
 "But how, alas ! has it so soon decay'd !
 "Fall'n from an orb in which it only stray'd !
 "Shall the sole trace that it on earth must leave
 "Be a vile body, putrid in the grave !"

Lie, poor *Florella* ! lie deep as as you must,
 In obscure darkness, mixing with the dust.
 Let night, with her impenetrable shade,
 For ever o'er thy beauties be display'd.
 Thy dome and thy condition now agree ;
 To thy disgrace let no eye witness be ;
 But let thy living sisters view thy state,
 When in the glass their form they contemplate,
 When the sweet image pleasingly shall rise,
 And vast perfections open to their eyes ;
 When boundless charms, with animating grace,
 And conscious elegance, glow in each face ;
 When tempting minutes dangers great conceal,
 And vain ideas in their breasts prevail ;
 Then let them think what horrid gloom is drawn
 Over a face which once like their's did dawn ;
 A face, in which the brightest features shone
 With brilliant beauty, blooming as their own.
 They by such seasonable thoughts may find
 Bounds to the toils they have to dress assign'd ;

And may acquire more earnest care to clean,
Not outside caskets, but the pearls within.
It then might prove their highest wish to live
In ev'ry virtue grace divine can give ;
To have their minds with real goodness stor'd,
After the pattern of their blessed Lord.

And would this any of their charms conceal ?
Or from their persons any honors steal ?
Quite the reverse : it would spread matchless grace,
And heav'nly glory o'er the fairest face ;
It would accomplishments more winning give ;
From it more loveliness they would receive.
And what is yet a more inviting thing,
These flow'rs would flourish in eternal spring ;
Nor fade with nature, nor with time decay,
But bloom for ever in most rich array ;
With ornaments untarnish'd always shine,
And ev'n in wint'ry age shed sweets divine.
But that which shall the greatest praises swell,
And best these noble qualities can tell ;
That which must, sure, the truest pleasure give,
Is ; as the ashes of the phoenix live,
From their hallow'd remains ere long will rise
A form illustrious to gild the skies ;
As wings of blessed angels ever bright,
And lasting as new *Zion's* beaming light.

For me ; the thought of this sad change shall still
My mind with shame and endless sorrow fill,

For paying court to flesh ; and make me fear
 From joys so brittle happiness to share.
 It shall instruct me henceforth not to prize
 The comforts which from well-join'd clay arise ;
 Tho' in one person elegantly meet,
 A form quite perfect, and a soul most sweet.
 'Tis heav'n's last, best, and crowning gift ; to be
 Receiv'd with gratitude, and hail'd with joy ;
 As the prime blessing it can to us lend ;
 Not strains of fulsome worship to expend ;
 Nor in th' incense of flattery convey'd,
 As adoration to a goddess paid.
 I trust that it my doating eyes will cure,
 And make me walk in wisdom's path secure ;
 Incline me always preference to show
 To " charms that from meek and good spirits flow ;"
 Before each fleeting, ornamental grace,
 Which decorates with white and red the face.

My roving meditations I repress
 From long excursions thro' scenes of distress.
 Fancy awhile attention strictly paid,
 To the soliloquy a lover made ;
 But judgment now again resumes the sway,
 And while her lips instructive truths convey,
 My mind she happily directs and bends,
 To self-concerning thoughts which wisdom lends.
 Howe'er, when on the whole scene I look'd round,
 With mortal objects, and death's trophies crown'd ;

I could not fail to smite my breast and sigh,
 The noblest of things visible to spy
 "Under the pale horse and his rider lie :"
 While I in these pathetic terms exclaim,
 "What ills, thou *Adam*, from thy failings came !"
 What direful desolation hast thou brought
 On the world, by thy disobedience wrought !
 The pow'rful mischiefs see that from sin flow !
 Sin, the most stately bodies has laid low ;
 Sin has on earth been so harsh and severe,
 Among the best of God's creation there ;
 That deadly bane of nature would have cast
 In deepest hell, where torments ever last,
 My better part, but that our grac'ous LORD
 Himself a ransom for us did afford.
 What due acknowledgments can sinners show,
 For the great gratitude to GOD they owe !
 What can a heav'n of bless'd believers give !
 Or what warm love should he from them receive !
 Can they with ample thanks before him bend !
 Such a deliv'rer, benefactor, friend !

While my mind on these doleful objects rests,
 A faithful monitor within suggests—
 "Must in me likewise this sad change succeed ?
 "And am I, in like manner, doom'd to bleed ?
 "Am I to breathe my last, and in my turn
 "Become a corpse, and be what I now mourn ?

"Is there a time approaching, then, so near,
 "In which this body, carry'd on a bier,
 "Shall all this wretched world's temptations leave,
 "And be consign'd to its clay-cold grave?
 "While some kind friend, perhaps, at parting may
 "Let fall a tear, and, Oh! my brother say?"
 Nothing more certain; and which shall endure
 Than laws of *Medes* and *Persians*, more sure;
 A firm decree has ratify'd the doom,
 To which at last all mortal men must come.

Should now one of those ghastly figures rise
 From its confinement, present to my eyes;
 In dread deformity before me stand,
 With haggard visage lift a clatt'ring hand,
 And point it fully to my wond'ring sight;
 Or open its thin jaws, form'd to affright;
 Then with a hoarse, tremendous murmur speak,
 And horribly this profound silence break:
 Should it address me just as *Samuel's* ghost
 Did once the fearful, trembling king accost—
 "The LORD shall give you to the hand of death,
 "And thou must, also, soon resign thy breath;
 "Yet but a little while and thou shalt be
 "In the same state wherein you now find me."
 The solemn warning, in a way so grave,
 Must on my mind, sure, strong impressions leave:
 Commands in thunder would scarce deeper sink
 Yet I ought vastly more to fear, I think,

That which the LORD expressly has declar'd,
 "Thou sure shalt die;" and be for death prepar'd.
 Well then, since sentence is against me pass'd,
 Since by a right'ous judge I have been cast;
 And know not when the warrant may arrive;
 Let me to sin die, to JEHOVAH live,
 Before I death from his just stroke receive. }
 Let me the short, uncertain time employ,
 Which before execution I enjoy,
 In making preparations for that state
 Where does a bless'd and better life await;
 That when the fatal time comes, when my eyes
 Must on all objects close below the skies;
 I may again my Saviour espy,
 Seated majestic in the realms on high.

Since then this frame, so wonderfully made,
 Must to the grave be very soon convey'd;
 Since all my pow'rs of flesh must soon give way
 To inactivity, gloom, and decay:
 Oh! let it always be my earnest care
 To use them right, while in my pow'r they are!
 Let me the poor strive always to relieve,
 And be "less ready to receive than give."
 In humblest posture let my knees still bow,
 Before the throne of grace, devoutly low;
 While on the earth my eyes are firmly held,
 With penitence and dread confusion fill'd;

Or reverently look to heav'n above,
For grac'ous mercy, and forgiving love !
In ev'ry friendly interview let still
The " law of kindness all my converse fill ;"
Or if my friends choose rather godly speech,
Let still my tongue the gospel of peace teach.
Oh ! that in ev'ry public concourse I
Might, like a trumpet, raise my voice on high ;
And in melod'ous accents spread around
A much more joyful and harmonic sound ;
While I in elevated language sing
Glad tidings which from free salvation spring !
Be shut still resolutely close, my ears,
Against the wicked whispers slander bears ;
And strictly careful always to refrain
From filthy talking of a breath profane ;
Attend to knowledge which from wisdom breaks,
And stedfast hear when your Redeemer speaks ;
Imbibe the prec'ous truths deep in the mind,
And be they strongly to the heart inclin'd,
Bear me, my feet, to the house of the LORD ;
To beds with sick, and domes with paupers stor'd.
As all my members still on GOD depend,
May they with rev'rence always to him bend ;
And may I be the willing instrument,
By which his praise may o'er the world be sent !

Then, ye embalmers, you may spare your pains,
Since I by faith procure my greatest gains ;

These
Are th
Enwra
But fr
Hopin
By wh
Reani
At hi
And
" I G

Ha
And
Adjo
On r
Hav
Met
And
In t
He
" A
Wa
And
Wh
Or
Wh
Can
He
"M

These works of faith, and labours of my love,
Are the perfumes for which my soul still strove.
Enwapp'd in these I'd fear no deadly pest,
But sweetly in the blessed JESUS rest;
Hoping that GOD will his "commandment give,"
By which again "my bones" may life receive;
Reanimate them from the senseless clay,
At his most awful and appointed day;
And as gold from the fire them purify,
"I say not sev'n, but sev'n times seventy."

Here, then, my contemplation took its flight,
And quickly in the garden did alight,
Adjoining to the mount of *Calvary*,
On which our bless'd Redeemer deign'd to die.
Having view'd tombs of fellow-creatures dead,
Methought I long'd to see where CHRIST was laid.
And what a spectacle, oh! once was here,
In this so memorable sepulchre!
He "who for cloaths with light himself arrays,
"And walks upon the winged winds" with ease;
Was pleas'd frail habiliments to wear,
And with the prostrate dead a dwelling share.
Who can for this think any praise too great?
Or can too oft the wond'rous truth repeat?
Who, with the most transporting, grateful song,
Can think on the glad theme he dwells too long?
He, who inthron'd in glory, sits on high,
Mongst all the heav'nly hosts diffusing joy;

Was once a body, bloody, pale, and dead,
And on this spot repos'd his lifeless head.

How great, Death, was thy triumph in that
hour !

Ne'er had'st thou captive in thy gloomy pow'r,
So excellent a prisoner before.

Did I say prisoner ? And was he such ?

No ; he was more than conqueror by much.

Than *Samson* he far mightier arose,

When he shook off his transient repose ;

Spoil'd the strong gates, and levell'd with the ground

The walls that these dominions dark surround.

In this, O mortals ! in this you must place

Your only hopes of comfort and of peace.

This dreadful path your Saviour has trod,

And smooth and easy made the rugged road.

CHRIST sleeping in the chambers of the tomb,

Has from this mansion driv'n the dismal gloom,

And left sweet odors in each dreary room.

The dying JESUS (never let that joy

Forfake your bosoms ! JESUS who did die)

Your passport and protection sure will give

Thro' all the territories of the grave.

Trust him ; they'll prove " to *Sion* a highway,"

And you safely to paradise convey.

Believe in him, and you no loss will find,

But endless gains, when to the tomb consign'd.

For hear

" Whof

How ful

This mu

" The r

" Made

" It sha

" But r

" It sh

" With

" That

" For

" To f

" A ha

" The

" As t

" The

" To

W

Who

Who

And

Who

And

To t

And

By f

And

For hear what to this weighty point God saith,

"Whoſo believes in me ſhall ne'er ſee death."

How ſublime and emphatical this ſtrain!

This much at leaſt the mighty truth muſt mean:

"The nature of that latter change ſhall be

"Made for the better moſt ſurpriſingly.

"It ſhall no more be for a puniſhment,

"But rather as the greateſt bleſſing ſent:

"It ſhall attended to ſuch perſons haſte,

"With ſuch a train of ſolid profits grac'd;

"That they muſt not the name of death receive,

"For 'tis then only they begin to live:

"To ſay that death could from ſuch bliſs ariſe,

"A happy impropriety implies.

"Their exit is the end of their frail ſtate,

"As then perfection will on them await;

"Their laſt groan is the prelude to their joy,

"To comfort, life, and immortality."

Weak ſouls! affrighted at the paſſing-bell,

Who at the ſight of open'd graves turn pale;

Who ſcarce a ſkull or coffin can behold,

And not experience a ſhudd'ring cold;

Who to the griſly tyrant bondmen are,

And quake when he his iron rod does rear;

To the LORD of your ſpirits loudly cry,

And for protection on his Son rely.

By faith you'll from your ſlavery be freed,

And courage get on this worſt ſnake to tread.

Was once a body, bloody, pale, and dead,
And on this spot repos'd his lifeless head.

How great, Death, was thy triumph in that
hour !

Ne'er had'st thou captive in thy gloomy pow'r,
So excellent a prisoner before.

Did I say prisoner ? And was he such ?

No ; he was more than conqueror by much.

Than *Sampson* he far mightier arose,

When he shook off his transient repose ;

Spoil'd the strong gates, and levell'd with the ground

The walls that these dominions dark surround.

In this, O mortals ! in this you must place

Your only hopes of comfort and of peace.

This dreadful path your Saviour has trod,

And smooth and easy made the rugged road.

CHRIST sleeping in the chambers of the tomb,

Has from this mansion driv'n the dismal gloom,

And left sweet odors in each dreary room.

The dying JESUS (never let that joy

For sake your bosoms ! JESUS who did die)

Your passport and protection sure will give

Thro' all the territories of the grave.

Trust him ; they'll prove " to *Sion* a highway,"

And you safely to paradise convey.

Believe in him, and you no loss will find,

But endless gains, when to the tomb consign'd.

For hear

" Whoso

How subl

This muc

" The na

" Made f

" It shall

" But rat

" It shal

" With

" That t

" For 't

" To say

" A hap

" Their

" As th

" Their

" To co

Wear

Who a

Who f

And no

Who t

And q

To the

And f

By fai

And c

For hear what to this weighty point God saith,

"Whofo believes in me shall ne'er see death."

How sublime and emphatical this strain!

This much at least the mighty truth must mean:

"The nature of that latter change shall be

"Made for the better most surprisingly.

"It shall no more be for a punishment,

"But rather as the greatest blessing sent:

"It shall attended to such persons haste,

"With such a train of solid profits grac'd;

"That they must not the name of death receive,

"For 'tis then only they begin to live:

"To say that death could from such bliss arise,

"A happy impropriety implies.

"Their exit is the end of their frail state,

"As then perfection will on them await;

"Their last groan is the prelude to their joy,

"To comfort, life, and immortality."

Weak souls! affrighted at the passing-bell,

Who at the sight of open'd graves turn pale;

Who scarce a skull or coffin can behold,

And not experience a shudd'ring cold;

Who to the grisly tyrant bondmen are,

And quake when he his iron rod does rear;

To the LORD of your spirits loudly cry,

And for protection on his Son rely.

By faith you'll from your slavery be freed,

And courage get on this worst snake to tread.

Old *Simcon*, when *JESUS* he embrac'd,
 Departed with tranquillity well pleas'd;
 When the child *CHRIST* in arms of flesh he grasp'd,
 And in Faith's arms the Mediator clasp'd.
 That bitter persecutor *Saul*, when crown'd
 With his redeemer, in *CHRIST* being found;
 Longs for dismission from this cum'brous earth,
 And is all rapture at the sight of death.
 Sure I see one more of *IMMANUEL*'s train
 Trusting in *CHRIST*, on his Redeemer lean;
 And cheerfully to silent shades depart,
 With a composed and exulting heart.
 Under this pow'rful and blest'd name, behold!
 Numberless crowds of sinful men grown bold,
 Have fix'd their banners, and most bravely fought,
 And "by the Lamb's blood victory have got."
 Thou may'st by the example which the *LORD*,
 The Captain of Salvation, does afford,
 Undaunted ev'ry care and danger meet,
 And on the king of terrors set thy feet.
 Supply'd with this sure antidote, you may
 Round the hole of the asp securely play;
 And put your hand, unconscious of dread,
 Where the dire cockatrice its den has made.
 Thou may'st feel vipers on thy mortal part,
 And yet experience no deadly smart.
 You, by a joyful resurrection, will
 Shake them off one day, without any ill

Refur
 Joy for
 My min
 And an
 I would
 "Lie al
 "And i
 "Has I
 t
 "Will
 "Wilt
 No, fa
 "Hops
 There
 To Go
 There
 In whi
 Where
 Eterna
 Then
 While
 And v
 Destru
 And g
 They
 And f
 They
 To m

Resurrection ! that cheering word prepares
 Joy for my soul, and lightens all my cares ;
 My mind it eases of its anx'ous pains,
 And an inquiry of vast weight explains,
 I would have asked, " wherefore in this place,
 " Lie all these corpses, in such abject case ?
 " And is this, then, their fix'd and final doom ?
 " Has Death, their conqu'ror' chain'd them to the
 tomb ?
 " Will he his captives ne'er from bondage free ?
 " Wilt thou forget them, LORD, eternally ?"
 No, faith the voice from heav'n, the word divine,
 " Hope doth all good and right'ous men confine."
 There is an hour (that awful secret's known
 To GOD, the all-foreseeing LORD, alone)
 There is a time, a fixed hour of grace,
 In which an act the heav'nly seal will pass,
 Whereby they shall a full discharge receive,
 Eternal freedom from the gloomy grave.
 Then the LORD JESUS shall from heav'n descend,
 While angels and archangels him attend,
 And with the trump of GOD all nature rend.
 Destruction's self shall the dread call adore,
 And graves obediently their dead restore.
 They in the twinkling of an eye awake,
 And from ten thousand years' sleep quickly break ;
 They spring forth like the bounding roe or deer,
 To meet " the LORD eternal in the air."

And, oh ! with what congratulating grace,
 With how transporting, hearty an embrace,
 Are the soul and the body once more join'd,
 Companions so affectionate and kind !
 But how much greater signs of love are shown,
 When CHRIST, compassionate, calls them his own !
 The LORD, who in the clouds of heav'n does come,
 Is their kind friend, their father, and bridegroom.
 Yet they are not to suffer any fears
 From all the grandeur in which he appears.
 Those wonderful solemnities so dread,
 Which awe and ruin thro' all nations spread ;
 Serve only to inflame their love the more,
 And make their hopes of happiness flow o'er.
 The awful judge, in all his mightiness
 And splendour, vouchsafes their names to confess ;
 Vouchsafes their great fidelity to tell
 Before the beings that in heaven dwell ;
 And deigns their goodness to commemorate
 Before the world, who on his will await.

Hark ! now the thunders their dread sound assuage ;
 The lightnings cease their terrifying rage ;
 In silent doubt th' angelic armies see
 Attentive wait the Judge's great decree !
 The race of *Adam*, with an anx'ous mind,
 Expect a sentence rigorous or kind.
 That King supreme, adorable, whose grace
 Is more than life to mortals purest peace ;

And who
 Upon the
 O ! what
 What ch
 And with
 They in t
 " To you
 " For ye
 " Lo ! y
 " And w
 " No spo
 " Wash'
 " Renew
 " Have
 " Come
 " Enjoy
 " Come
 " Child
 " Posses
 " Recei
 " And

The
 That th
 That fi
 Her do
 At that
 And be

And whose adoption is a crown of joy ;
 Upon the right'ous casts a pleasing eye.
 O! what a speech from his lips sweetly breaks !
 What cheering accents, as he grac'ous speaks !
 And with what ecstasies of joy and praise,
 They in the bosoms of the faithful blaze !
 " To you, my people, I acceptance give,
 " For ye are they who did my name believe.
 " Lo! ye are they who have yourselves deny'd,
 " And with firm trust still on my pow'r rely'd.
 " No spot or blemish in your frames I see,
 " Wash'd in my blood, cloath'd in my purity.
 " Renewed by my spirit, ye on earth
 " Have prais'd me, and been constant unto death.
 " Come then, ye servants of the living LORD,
 " Enjoy the comforts which he will afford.
 " Come, then, ye blessed of the LORD above,
 " Children of light, who share my Father's love ;
 " Possess a kingdom that shall ne'er remove ;
 " Receive the crown that fadeth not away,
 " And taste of pleasures which can ne'er decay !"

The right'ous then, this smallest good shall gain,
 That they no more will languish under pain ;
 That sickness ne'er again shall show her face,
 Her doleful visage, in their dwelling-place.
 At that great period death itself shall die,
 And be quite " swallow'd up in victory."

That fatal jav'lin, whose unerring dart [heart;
 Drank monarch's blood, and pierc'd the mortal
 Death, which all *Adam's* children has annoy'd,
 Shall at that time be utterly destroy'd.

That scythe enormous, which in darkest shade
 The greatest empires has so often laid;

Which years and generations can remove,
 Shall then perpetually useless prove.

Sin, also, which, thou bloody tyrant, fills
 Thy hateful quiver with tormenting ills;
 Sin, which to thee resistless strength could yield,
 And crown'd thee victor in each horrid field;
 Which drove thy arrows with unbounded might,
 Shall then be cover'd in unceasing night.

Whatever's frail, or could our minds deprave,
 Shall be thrown off for ever in the grave.
 All yet to come is excellence supreme,
 Consummate bliss, and transports still the same.

Eternity! O vast eternity!

Thou dost our boldest, strongest thoughts defy!
 All our researches thy great depths to gain,
 Are useless, ineffectual, and vain!
 Who can with landmarks thy dimensions bound?
 Or who find plumbets the abyss to found?
 Arithmeticians have rules to show
 The seasons which progressive time goes thro':
 Astronomers have instruments to spy,
 And tell how distant all the planets lie:

Can num
 The len

" Its he

" Its dep

" Its me

" And

Myft

Not to

Or by t

Extent

By any

None o

" That

For wh

It is b

When

It will

When

Join'd

Augm

All m

And v

Adde

More

Or y

Etern

Will

Can numbers state, or any lines unfold

The lengths and breadths eternity should hold?

"Its height is more than heav'n; what canst thou do?

"Its depth is more than hell; what canst thou know?

"Its measure doth our lesser earth contain,

"And in its breadth it holds the watry main."

Mysterious existence! vast excess!

Not to be render'd by deductions less,

Or by the largest sums we can express!

Extent impossible to be confin'd

By any boundaries by us assign'd!

None can say after wond'rous ages' waste,

"That so much of eternity is past."

For when ten thousand centuries are gone,

It is but just commencing to come on;

When millions more have run their ample round,

It will no nearer to its end be found.

When ages, num'rous as the bloom of spring,

Join'd to the herbage which the summers bring;

Augmented by the ears of autumn's grain,

All multiply'd by winter's dropping rain;

And when ten thousand times ten thousand more,

Added to numbers infinite before;

More than imagination can convey,

Or yet similitude have pass'd away:

Eternity, amazing, vast, immense,

Will only at that period commence;

Or rather (if I in these terms may speak)
Will its beginning but begin to make.

O! what a pleasing awful thought is this!
With dread abounding, and yet full of bliss.
May this give the alarm to all our fears,
Quicken our hopes, and animate our cares!
May it instruct us faithfully to live,
And fortitude to our endeavours give!
An inconceivable and endless state
Does shortly, very shortly us await;
Let us be diligent *now*, to insure
An entrance into happiness secure!
Let us our utmost industry apply,
Since no scene alters in futurity.
The wheel ne'er turns, nor objects change receive;
All's fix'd, immoveable, beyond the grave.
Whether we, then, are seated on the throne,
Or stretch'd on racks, in agony to groan;
Justice inflexible, or endless grace,
Will a firm seal to our condition place.
The saints their happiness rejoicing prove,
Amidst the smiles of never ending love;
Their harps incessantly to joy they fit;
No interruption their triumphs admit.
The ruin which the wicked undergo,
Is filled with irremediable woe.
The fatal sentence which the LORD shall seal,
Is fix'd immoveable, without repeal.

They c
Their c
But all
And wh

The
When
It wav
And fee
But it
To cog
Perhap
Some t
Perhap
May t
May t
"Wh
May h
To th
Whic

As
Fearf
So her
And f
They
For
Thein
Whic

They cannot one faint, glimm'ring hope receive,
 Their doleful habitations e'er to leave;
 But all things the same dismal aspect bear,
 And which they everlastingly must wear.

The wicked—How my pensive bosom shrinks,
 When on their dreadful misery it thinks!
 It wav'd the horrid theme with careful awe;
 And seems yet willing from it to withdraw.
 But it is better for some minutes, sure,
 To cogitate, than endless pains endure.
 Perhaps, the thought of their sad torments may
 Some terrible advantages display;
 Perhaps, the thought of their augmented woes
 May to my soul some mighty good disclose;
 May teach me JESUS with more joy to see,
 "Who from the pit unfathom'd sets me free."
 May hurry me, like the avenger's sword,
 To this sole city with protection stor'd,
 Which to sad sinners refuge can afford.

As malefactors in the prison's gloom
 Fearfully wait their trial yet to come;
 So here the wicked in confusion lie,
 And suffer torments to eternity.
 They must for ever dwell in this dire place,
 For "their departure was devoid of peace,"
 Their closing eye-lids were with horrors drown'd,
 Which dealt incessantly a direful wound;

And sad forebodings in their minds did raise,
 "That the black darkness would not ever cease."
 When the last sickness seiz'd their tott'ring frame,
 And the inevitable summons came ;
 When at their life they saw the archer aim ;
 And to the string perceiv'd the fatal reed
 Fitted, and posted with unerring speed,
 When they experienc'd the deadly dart,
 Transfix'd deeply in the vital part—
 Good God! what fearfulneſs muſt them annoy!
 What horrid dread their ev'ry hope deſtroy!
 How ſtedfaſtly their ghawly eyes they keep,
 Shudd'ring at the tremendous, gloomy ſteep!
 Afraid exceſſively this world to leave,
 Yet utterly incapable to live!
 What pale reviews, what ſtartling proſpects riſe,
 Conſpiring all their ſouls to agonize!
 When their paſt life they ponder, they behold
 Moſt melancholy ſcenes themſelves unfold;
 God's mercy ſlighted, unrepented ſin,
 And grace withdrawing from the ſoul within.
 They forward look, nought opens to their ſight,
 But that great God who forms his judgment right,
 They at the dread tribunal muſt appear,
 And pay their awful, ſolemn reck'ning there.
 Around them their affrighted eyes they roll,
 Viewing the friends who their diſtreſs condole,

Who,
 Muſt ac
 When
 That th
 When
 But hav
 If their
 This h
 It grea
 That t
 But at
 And p

The
 Strivi
 With
 And f
 With
 To th
 But w
 Pray
 Could
 Whe
 And
 Unm
 How
 And
 How
 To t

Who, if partakers in their wicked life,
Must add fresh anguish to their former grief;
When they consider, in this dreadful state,
That this their guilt must further aggravate;
When they perceive they have not sinn'd alone,
But have made others act as they have done;
If their friends are to holiness inclin'd,
This heaps new sorrow on each troubled mind;
It greatly heightens their distracting pain,
That they shall ne'er enjoy their sight again;
But at a distance unapproachable,
And parted by a gulph unpassable.

They at the last, perhaps, begin to pray,
Striving by that their terrors to allay;
With anx'ous wish they to the LORD apply,
And for assistance to JEHOVAH cry:
With trembling lips their falt'ring words they pour,
To that great GOD, "who kills and can restore."
But why, oh! why have they so long delay'd
Pray'rs which to Heav'n they should before have
Could they have hopes of any bless'd reward, [made?
When to GOD's counsels they paid no regard?
And why did they incorrigible stand,
Unmindful ever of his great command?
How oft were they forewarn'd of this sad state,
And what dire punishments would them await?
How oft importunately urg'd by GOD,
To turn to him, and shun his vengeful rod?

I with the LORD may on them mercy pour,
 And save them at this last alarming hour !
 I wish they may his kind forgiveness meet,
 Ere deep damnation bursts beneath their feet !
 But oh ! affronted majesty may then
 Regardless of all their complaints remain ;
 Nor deign to work a miracle of grace,
 To give such obstinate transgressors peace.
 He may, for aught that any mortal knows,
 " Joy at their griefs, and laugh at all their woes ;
 " May be unheedful of their agony,
 " And mock them when their fear approacheth nigh."

Thus they lie groaning with severest pains,
 In tortures spending what of life remains ;
 With chilling sweat their bodies running o'er,
 Which issues coldly from each open'd pore ;
 Convulsive throes now struggle with the heart,
 Grief insupportable throbs thro' each part ;
 Innumerable shafts of sorrow spend
 Their rage upon them, and their conscience rend.

If the ungodly suffer, then, this death,
 And with sad torments thus resign their breath ;
 " My soul, do not into their secret come,
 " Lest you should meet with their eternal doom !
 " Do not, mine honor, with such men unite,
 " But from their meetings take thy daring flight !"
 How awfully accomplish'd are the words,
 The truths which inspir'd wisdom still affords !

" Sin a
 " Tho'
 " Like
 " And
 Then,
 And fr

How
 Shoul
 Alas !
 The b
 Whic
 Ming
 No fo
 The f
 But t
 To C
 Not
 Whi
 But
 Wh
 Wh
 And
 Wh
 Or
 Wh
 In
 Th
 " T

“ Sin always bears the most destructive load,
“ Tho’ seemingly in the commission good ;
“ Like bites of serpents it inflicteth pains,
“ And like the adders, hidden stings contains.”
Then, these lost wretches’ wicked courses shun,
And from their tents with expedition run.

How happy would this dissolution be,
Should it from all their tortures set them free !
Alas ! these tribulations only are
The bitter prelude to their future care ;
Which one drop of the “ cup of trembling” give,
Mingled with anguish they must yet receive.
No sooner shall the latest pang expel
The soul, reluctant, from its earthly cell ;
But they are hurry’d with most rapid flight,
To God’s much injur’d and offended sight ;
Not by the conduct or beneficence
Which blessed angels cheerfully dispense ;
But left to insults of the fiends accurs’d,
Who lately tempted them to deeds the worst,
Who now upbraid them for their lives mispent,
And to eternity will them torment.
Who can conceive their sorrow and distress,
Or their confusion properly express ;
When inexcusable and guilty, they
In sight of their incens’d Creator stay ?
They are received with an angry brow ;
“ The God that made them has no mercy now.”

The spring of happiness, the prince of peace,
 Rejects them with abhorrence and disgrace;
 He gives them o'er to chains of black despair,
 And to receptacles of gloomy care;
 'Till that more public, miserable state,
 Which at the great day shall on them await.
 The phials then of unrelenting woe,
 Will these unhappy creatures overflow.
 The holy law, of which they made so light;
 The gospel, which they hitherto did slight;
 The pow'r, which they repeatedly abus'd;
 The goodness, which so often they refus'd;
 Will then, in their exemplary decay,
 With richest honors their neglect repay.
 Then GOD the LORD, who shall without repeal
 His just displeasure on the wicked deal;
 Will draw the arrow to the head, and bind
 Them as the mark of his relentless mind.

A resurrection from the gloomy grave,
 Will to their souls no privileges give;
 But immortality itself shall shed
 Eternal curses on each wretched head.
 Would they not bless with warmest thanks the tomb,
 "Where all things lie in everlasting gloom?"
 Would they not wish for ever there to hide,
 And in its dark recesses still reside?
 Their persons, though, the grave will not conceal,
 Or o'er their wicked actions draw a veil.

They also must awake ; they must arise,
 And meet their Judge immortal, in the skies :
 That great Judge before whom " heav'n's pillars
 quake,

" And earth's foundations to the centre shake :"
 A Judge, long-suff'ring once, with mercy stor'd,
 A once compassionate and friendly LORD ;
 But now unalterably fix'd to show
 Stubborn offenders, what great evils flow
 From their provoking of Almighty GOD ;
 What 'tis to trample on their Saviour's blood ;
 And what it is with despite to receive
 The grac'ous overtures his spirit gave.

Oh ! what perplexity will then abound !
 And what distraction must the souls confound
 Of wicked rebels ! when the final call
 Before God's judgment-seat shall bring them all !
 " What can they do in this day of distress,"
 Which seals their punishment without redress !
 Where ? How ? Or from whence can they seek re-
 Which of the saints will mitigate their grief ? [lief ?
 Where can they find ease from their wretched state ?
 Alas ! 'tis all in vain ; 'tis all too late.
 Friends and acquaintance here no longer own
 That they before were ever to them known :
 Now heav'n and earth forsake them to the woe
 Which they eternally must undergo ;

And ev'n the MEDIATOR's self denies,
In these black moments, any hopes to rise.
To fly, will now impracticable be
To clear themselves, impossibility ;
And to implore in supplicating strain,
Would now be unavailable and vain.

Behold ! the book of judgment's open laid,
The strictest scrutiny will now be made ;
The secrets of all hearts shall be disclos'd,
And ev'ry wickedness to fight expos'd ;
The things which hitherto were hid in night,
Shall be displayed in the clearest light.
How empty, ineffectual, and bare
Will each refined artifice appear ;
With which the hypocrites have men deceiv'd,
And worthy characters from them receiv'd !
The jealous GOD, the mighty LORD, who hath
Been round their bed ; has been about their path ;
And hath seen all the ways which they have run ;
“ Before them sets the things that they have done.”
They can't to one in thousands answer make,
But in the awful judgment trembling quake.
Speechless with guilt, and branded with disgrace,
They dare not view the blessed angels' face.
Oh ! what a favour would the foaming sea,
By hiding their aflamed heads, convey !
How very willingly would they be hurl'd
Beneath the ruins of the tott'ring world !

If the contempt that's thrown upon them, then,
 Can cause so insupportable a pain ; [prepar'd,
 "How will their hearts stand," when with woes
 The sword of endless indignation's rear'd,
 And fiercely wav'd round each defenceless head,
 There its abundant agonies to shed ;
 Or aim'd directly at the naked breast,
 That they eternally may be distress'd !
 How must the wretches scream with wild surprise,
 Rending the heav'ns with sad, bewailing cries ;
 When "the right-aiming thunderbolts" of God,
 To execute his orders, "go abroad !" }
 Go, at the dreadfully commanding word,
 To drive them from the kingdom of the LORD ;
 Not to involve them in a moment's pain,
 Or tortures which but one short hour remain ;
 But into all the restlessness and care,
 The pangs which fires unquenchable prepare,
 And griefs of everlasting, black despair ! }

O ! misery of miseries ! sad fate !
 Too shocking for reflexion to repeat.
 But if it is so dismal to foresee,
 And that when view'd so very distantly ;
 And with some comfortable hopes combin'd,
 Some expectations an escape to find ;
 How hard, how inconceivably severe,
 How vastly bitter these dire pangs to bear ;

Without a respite from such agony,
Thro' hopeless ages of eternity !

Who can the bowels of compassion show ?
In whom do sentiments of pity glow ?
Who for his fellow-creatures can conceive
Tender concern, their hardships to relieve ?
Who is he ? For CHRIST's sake, and in GOD's name,
Let active zeal his sympathy proclaim.
Let him beseech mankind to seek the LORD,
While in their reach he may himself afford ;
To throw their arms rebellious away,
Ere the acts of indemnity decay ;
Submissively the holy LAMB adore,
Who for his own has perfect bliss in store.
Let us to men here act the friendly part,
Let our benevolence itself exert, }
To prove the feelings of a tender heart : }
By warning whomsoever may be gain'd,
Quickly to take the wings of faith unfeign'd ;
With undelay'd repentance straight comply,
And " from yet absent indignation fly."

Upon the whole ; what great discoveries,
Immense, stupendous, open to my eyes !
Do thou, my soul, to serious thoughts resign'd,
In faithful memory keep them confin'd,
Still recollect them with a prudent breast,
When you lie down, or when you rise from rest.

Do thou, when walking, always them receive
As the companions who best counsel give;
To them, when talking, strict attention pay,
As prompters who the soundest truths convey;
And to whatever business you attend,
Heed them as those who will the best befriend.
If you by these considerations move,
Your ev'ry view will more extensive prove;
All your affections will exalted be,
And rise in value more conspicuously;
And you will soar on more majestic wings,
O'er tantalizing reach of earthly things.
Thy bosom with these influences fill'd,
That on which your supreme desires you build,
The scope of your endeavours, will be then
The approbation of the LORD to gain;
Who will with glory fill the judgment-seat,
And the decisive sentence there repeat.
His pleasure for thy rule will to thee leave
The greatest happiness you can receive;
His glory be thy aim; his holy grace
With strength unceasing will thy faith increase.

Wonder, O man, with admiration see
The great events now near approaching thee;
View the strange prodigies which soon will fall
With dread awe on the universal ball;
Events so vast, that nothing here below,
No finite being can their measure know.

Events, by which whatever yet was thought
Great in this world, will be reduc'd to nought ;
And will to littleness and nothing tear
The annals of which mankind took such care :
Which (JESUS, for their coming give us grace!
Be our defence, O LORD, when they take place!)
Are with the fixed, everlasting fate
Of all the living and the dead replete,
I must behold the graves then cleaving wide,
And ocean teeming from its mighty tide ;
Must unsuspected multitudes espy,
And countless crowds together swarming fly ;
Must see from both the thronging nations spring,
To hear the sentence of their Judge and King :
Must see the world blaze with destructive flame,
To non-existence turn'd, from which it came ;
Stand at the downfall of mortality,
And an attendant on dead nature be.
I must the great, expansive skies behold,
Themselves like scrolls of paper closely fold ;
And the incarnate GOD, of boundless worth,
From brightness inaccessible come forth ;
On whom ten thousand thousand angels wait,
While he confirms both men's and devil's fate.
I must see time conceal'd in endless night
And vast eternity disclos'd to sight ;
Must enter on a new existence now,
Which never nearer to an end shall grow,

Let the most vain imagination say,
Ought I not heedfully to watch my way ;
The purity of my belief to try,
And not too much on human strength rely ?
Are there inquiries worthy greater care,
Or for importance can with them compare ?
Does not this give an infinite command,
With girded loins before the LORD to stand ;
To trim my lamp, and my best garments wear,
When I before the " bridegroom shall appear ?"
That I, wash'd in the blessed, bloody tide,
The fountain open'd in my Sav'our's side ;
Clad with the marriage-garment which was wove
By his obedience and transcendant love ;
May, " unreprouable, be found in peace,
Unblameable," by his abundant grace.
Else, how shall I with boldness stand, when all
The stars of heav'n from their bright orbits fall ?
How shall I come with courage in my face,
Erect and daring, fearless of disgrace ;
When ev'n the earth, from its foundations low,
Is like a drunkard, reeling to-and-fro ?
How shall I then look up with pleasing joy,
And behold my salvation drawing nigh ;
When hearts of multitudes thro' terror fail,
And dreadful agonies their souls assail ?

Now, Madam, lest my meditations may
Set in a cloud, and any gloom display

Unpleasing to your mind, let me once more
The brightning prospects of the just explore.
Their joyful expectations held in sight,
May serve our doleful musings to delight ;
May our sad thoughts exhilarate, which were
Long fix'd on sepulchres and objects drear ;
And have been hovering so much around
Infernal darkness, and the depths profound :
As a large plain, with cheerful verdure fill'd,
Can to the eye relief and vigour yield ;
Which some minute or glaring thing had tir'd,
By being too attentively admir'd.

The good and righteous reposing lie,
And in earth's bosom quietness enjoy ;
As wary pilots cautiously seek,
In stormy seasons, some well-shelter'd creek ;
There to partake of harmony and rest,
While dreadful tempests this low world infest.
Here they are in safe anchorage ; and here
No hidden shoals, or foundering sands are near ;
Freed from iniquity's prevailing seas,
They live in calm serenity and ease ;
No powerful temptations now can block
Their passage, or impel them on sin's rock,
But we shall very shortly see them hoise
Their flag of hope, which with glad breezes flies ;
Riding before a kindly blowing wind,
Of worth atoning, and a loving mind ;

Till with the sails of faith assur'd they press
Into the port of endless happiness.

Then, may the honor'd, much esteemed friend,
The lady for whom these lines have been penn'd ;
Rich in good works, in heav'nly tempers great,
But with CHRIST's merit vastly more replete ;
O may she with a favourable gale,
Enter the harbour, like a stately sail,
Just from a noble expedition come,
Return'd successful, and in triumph home ;
While acclamations, joy, and honour wait
With shouts incessant, on her lucky state !
While my small bark, attendant on the joy,
Cheerfully joining the solemnity,
And a partaker of the victory ;
Shall slowly, with a peaceful, gentle wind,
Humbly obsequious, glide on behind ;
And both in the lov'd, wish'd for haven rest,
With perfect bliss, and endless safety blest !

THE
5TH, 6TH, AND 7TH CHAPTERS
OF THE
GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW,
BEING
CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT,
VERSIFIED.

LUKE, 21st Chap. 33d Ver.

"HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY, BUT MY
"WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY."

CHAPTER V.

AND when the LORD great multitudes espy'd,
He straightway gain'd a lofty mountain's side ;
Where being seated, his disciples came,
Whom he instructed in this godly theme :
The poor in spirit are supremely blest'd,
For their's is heav'n, and everlasting rest.
Blest'd are the mourners, who at last shall find
That God will comfort the afflicted mind.

Bless'd are the meek and gentle, who shall gain
 A seat on earth, and endless bliss obtain.
 Who thirst and hunger for religion's sake
 Shall plenty still of boundless joys partake.
 Bless'd are the merciful, for they shall know
 The sweets of mercy which themselves bestow.
 Bless'd are the pure, of just and upright ways,
 Who GOD shall view, and taste celestial ease.
 Bless'd are the peace-makers, for they shall be
 The sons of GOD, and his salvation see.
 Those who for righteousness' sake feel woe,
 And persecution in this world below,
 Are bless'd, since heav'n and happiness await
 Their glad removal from a human state.
 Your case is bless'd when men shall you revile
 And to your charge lay actions grossly vile;
 When varied wickedness of you they speak,
 And falsely witness 'gainst you for my sake;
 Exult exceedingly, with joy elate,
 As your reward in heav'n is vastly great;
 For thus with rancour keen did they pursue,
 And hate, the prophets who preceded you.
 Ye are the salt of earth, which, should it lose
 Its favour once, is of no farther use;
 But worthless grows, and may be cast away,
 And trodden down among the beaten clay.
 Ye are the light by which mankind should move,
 Who wish to merit great JEHOVAH's love.

A city, sure, that's built on rising ground,
Must be conspicuous to all around.
Men light not candles, that a bushel may
Conceal the lustre which they would convey ;
But, plac'd in candlesticks, they banish night,
And deal to all the family their light :
Then let your light before mankind so shine,
That they may imitate your acts divine ;
And proper glory to your father give,
Who to eternity in heav'n does live.
Let no such thought e'er harbour in your breast,
That I the law or prophets will molest ;
I came, submissive to my Father's will,
That I the law and prophets might fulfil.
For unto you I verily declare,
'Till heaven and earth shall vanish into air ;
No jot or tittle of the law shall fail,
'Till all's accomplish'd which it doth reveal.
Who, therefore, shall the least commandment break,
And others teach the same ill course to take ;
The heav'nly angels will give him the name
Of least, and justly his transgressions blame ;
But who so doth and teacheth them shall gain
The name of great, and heav'nly blifs attain.
Thus I admonish you, beware, take heed,
Your faith the Scribes' and Pharisees' exceed ;
Or else you shall in no case heav'n enjoy,
And taste its transports, which can never cloy.

You've heard it said, of old, men gave command,
Thou shouldst commit no murder in the land,
And whoso shall of murder guilty be,
Cannot the judgment without danger flee:
But I say unto you, that whoso'er
Does enmity against his brother bear,
And causeless wrath, and unbecoming hate,
Shall be in danger of the judgment-seat:
And he that, Raca, shall his brother call,
Will in great hazard of the judgment fall;
But whoso'er, thou fool, shall to him say,
Should fear hell-fire, and for forgiveness pray.
If, when thy gift is to the altar brought,
Thou there remembrest that thou art in fault;
And hast done any thing by which you might
Your brother's anger or offence excite;
Thy offering there before the altar leave;
And go, and pardon from thy brother crave;
When thou hast made him merciful and kind,
Then give thy offering with a cheerful mind.
Strive soon thy adversary to appease,
And as you walk, endeavour him to please;
Lest he thy body to the judge should give,
From whom the officer would thee receive,
And straightway hurry thee to prison, where
You'll suffer sorrow, and corrosive care:
Thus I assure thee, thence thou shalt not get,
'Till thou hast paid each farthing of the debt.

You've heard 'twas said by men of ancient time,
Avoid adultery, that heinous crime.
But I say unto you, that whosoe'er
With lustful eyes shall on a woman stare;
That man in heart is guilty of this sin,
And needs repentance for his thoughts within.
And if thy right eye chance to give offence,
Then pluck it out, and straightway cast it thence;
For it is better one eye should be gone,
Than all thy body in hell-fire be thrown.
If thy right-hand act any wicked deed,
Then cut it off, and cast it thence with speed;
For it is better one hand should be lost,
Than thy whole body into hell be toss'd.
It hath been said, that whoso is inclin'd
To part from her whom marriage rites have join'd;
Let him a writing of divorcement give,
That so apart they may unfinning live.
But I say, whosoe'er shall from her part,
Whom wedlock made the sharer of his heart;
Save for the cause of fornication, he
Then makes her guilty of adultery;
And he that marries her divorced will,
In sight of God, adultery fulfill.
You've heard that men of old this law did make,
Whene'er you swear, your vows you shall not break?
But shall unto the Lord exactly pay
Whatever thou hast vow'd to do or say.

But I say unto you, from oaths forbear,
And ne'er presume by any thing to swear :
Neither by heaven, for it is the place
Where God enthron'd shows his Almighty face ;
Nor by the earth, God's footstool, where around
He deals his mercy, and his love profound ;
Nor by Jerusalem, which God has made
His chosen city, and its bulwarks laid ;
Nor by thy head shalt thou thy promise plight,
Since not one hair thou canst make black or white ;
But still let Yea and Nay your sayings guide,
That evil swearing you may thus avoid ;
For whatsoever farther shall extend,
Is wickedness, and doth to evil tend.
You've heard that men of old this precept gave,
Eye for an eye, and tooth for tooth receive.
But this commandment unto you I speak,
That you 'gainst evil no resistance make ;
Whoe'er by blows shall give thy right cheek pain,
Then turn to him the other, nor complain :
And whoso'er at law thy coat demands,
Let him thy cloak get also from thy hands :
He that compelleth you to go a mile,
Go with him two, nor him for that revile.
Those who would borrow from you kindly hear ;
Give those who ask, nor turn away thine ear.
You've heard what men of ancient time have said,
Who this command and admonition made ;

Your neighbour love, and hold him in your breast,
But all your enemies you shall detest.
But I say unto you approve of those
Who show themselves your enemies and foes ;
Bless them which curse you, and endeavour still
To cherish those who wish to treat you ill,
Those who despitefully shall you offend,
Let pray'rs and blessings on their crimes attend ;
That you by gentleness yourselves may prove
The children of the heav'nly LORD above ;
Who makes the sun to rise on good and bad,
Whose show'rs alike the just and wicked glad.
If you love only those who love again,
What profit have you ? What do you obtain ?
Do not the Publicans act even so,
And to their friends and neighbours fondness show ?
And if your brethren you salute alone,
What do ye more than other men have done ?
Do not the Publicans thus also greet
Their friends and brethren wherefoe'er they meet ?
Be ye then perfect, as the LORD on high
Is good and perfect to eternity.

CHAPTER VI.

TAKE heed you do not charity bestow,
That men may see you, or your actions know ;
Your heav'nly Father will not, else regard
Your alms or for them give you a reward.

When thou dost, therefore, deal thine alms around,
Let not before thee any trumpets sound;
You may in synagogues and streets perceive
That always thus the hypocrites behave;
Who hope by ostentatious deeds to find
Themselves admir'd and honor'd by mankind.
This I say unto you, they shall obtain
The earthly glory which they seek to gain.
But when thou hast thy charity convey'd
Let not thy left know what thy right hand paid;
That so thine alms, conceal'd from mortal eyes,
May be distributed in secret wise;
Your Father, who in secret sees and heeds,
Will then bless openly your pious deeds.
And when thou prayest, always strive to shun
The false appearance hypocrites put on;
For in the synagogues they standing love
To show their worship, and their faith approve;
And in each corner of the streets they pray,
That they to men their goodness may display.
This I say unto you, they shall procure
The earthly honours that they would secure.
But when you worship, to your room repair,
Shut close the door, and enter into pray'r;
Address your Father, who in secret reigns,
And he shall openly reward your pains.
But when you pray, be careful to refuse
Vain repetitions which the Heathen use;

For by much talk they foolishly expect
They will be heard, nor treated with neglect;
Be ye not like them, for your Father knows
What things you need, ere ye your wants disclose.
In this wise make your supplications known,
In humble manner, to the LORD alone:
“ Father of all, who fill’st the boundless skies,
“ Let to thy name eternal blessings rise.
“ May thy dominion no confinement see,
“ But all existence to thy will agree.
“ As heav’nly angels thy commands obey,
“ Let earth’s inhabitants their homage pay.
“ Since by thy goodness we alone can live,
“ May we to-day our daily bread receive.
“ As we forgive our debtors what they owe,
“ May we, O LORD! thy great forgiveness know.
“ Into temptation let us never stray,
“ But save us always from each evil way.
“ The kingdom, glory, and the pow’r thou hast,
“ Which to eternity shall firmly last.
“ Then let the universe resound again
“ With joyful acclamations of Amen.”
If you forgive when mortals you offend,
Your heav’nly Father will like grace extend;
But if to men no pardon you afford,
Neither will you find mercy with the LORD.
Moreover, when you fast, avoid with care,
The sad appearance hypocrites then wear;

For they assume a melancholy mien,
That so of men their fasting may be seen,
This I say unto you, they shall possess
Rewards for which so eagerly they press.
But when you fast, let joy your frame o'erspread,
Wash clean your hands, with oil anoint your head;
That so your fasting, to mankind unknown,
May of JEHOVAH be perceiv'd alone ;
Your Father who in secret does regard,
And see your actions, will your faith reward.
On earthly treasures do not time employ,
Since rust and moth your labour can destroy !
And thieves and robbers may themselves avail
Of your possessions, and your riches steal.
But your chief treasures let the heav'ns contain,
Where rust or moth no entrance can obtain ;
Nor thieves nor robbers thence can bear away
The riches which you there securely lay.
For wheresoe'er your treasures can be trac'd,
Your hearts will there undoubtedly be plac'd.
The eye's appointed to dispense the light,
The body gains by its beholding sight ;
If thine eye, therefore, shall be single found,
Thy body will with total light be crown'd :
But if thine eye to wickedness should bend,
Then total darkness shall your frame attend.
If then thy light should turn to sullen gloom,
How dismally obscure must it become !

No man can possibly with credit serve
Two lords at once, and truth to both preserve,
For else for one his hatred will be known,
While all his love is to the other shown;
Or one by him will ardently be priz'd,
While in his heart the other is despis'd.
Ye cannot *Mammon* faithfully obey,
And likewise own the great *Jehovah's* sway.
I therefore say, avoid each thought and care
Of what you should to cherish life prepare;
What sort of food you might securely use,
Or yet what drink with safety you should choose;
Nor for your body anx'ously inquire,
What kind of cloaths is proper for attire;
Is not the life of greater worth than meat?
The body more than raiment yielding heat?
The winged songsters of the sky behold,
Who to the sun their varied plumes unfold;
They neither sow nor reap the fertile plain,
Nor into barns collect the hoary grain;
And yet your heav'nly Father feeds them so,
That they no want or griping hunger know.
Are ye not better than the fowls of air,
Whom he regards with so much tender care?
Who can by thought a proper plan design,
Which to his stature may a cubit join?
Why do ye ask with such a thoughtful breast,
What sort of raiment will preserve you best?

See how the lillies of the valley rise,
Nor toil, nor spin, but open to the skies;
Yet even *Solomon*, in glory gay,
Could never boast such elegant array.
If God the herbage of the fields thus crown,
Which blooms to-day, to-morrow is cut down;
Ye faithless people, can ye still be blind,
And not perceive to you he'll prove more kind?
Take then no thought about your drink or meat,
Nor say when hungry, what have we to eat?
Nor when you're dry, what liquid should we prove,
Which might most speedily our thirst remove?
Or, what apparel is the best to wear,
To guard our bodies from the chilling air?
(For still the *Gentiles* keep these things in view,
And think true happiness they thus pursue.)
Your heav'nly Father knoweth what you need,
And will supply you with paternal speed.
But seek ye first with unremitting pain
The realms of God, and right'ousness to gain;
And all these things into your pow'r shall fall,
If on the LORD with fervent zeal ye call.
No thought of this, then, harbour in your mind,
What good or ill to-morrow has design'd;
To-morrow shall to-morrow's things convey,
The evil's still sufficient for the day.

CHAPTER VII.

BE cautious from judgment to refrain,
Lest you like judgment should partake again.
Whatever judgment you to mortals give,
Such judgment shall you from the LORD receive:
And as you mete your measure to mankind,
Like measure shall you with JEHOVAH find.
And why dost thou so easily espy
The mote that lodges in thy brother's eye ;
And yet considerest not the mighty beam
Which thine eye holds, to thy eternal shame ?
Or how wilt thou thus to thy brother say,
Let me the mote pull from your eye, I pray ;
When lo thine own eye doth a beam contain,
Which chiefly should excite a godly pain ?
Thy own beam first, thou hypocrite, remove,
Ere others' feelings you attempt to prove ;
Then shalt thou comfort to thy brother raise,
And from his eye extract the mote with ease.
Give not to dogs the things that are divine,
Nor cast your pearls before unruly swine ;
Lest with their feet they break them and destroy,
Then turn again, and your repose annoy.
Still on the LORD with stedfast hope believe,
Implore his mercy, and you shall receive :
JEHOVAH's kingdom seek with zealous mind,
And you eternal happiness will find :

Knock with firm virtue at the throne of grace,
And you shall enter GOD's all happy place:
For he that asketh, shall his wish secure;
And he that seeketh, shall true bliss procure,
And he that knocketh at GOD's blessed throne,
Shall make felicity supreme his own.
What man of you whose son should bread require,
Would with a stone fulfil his strong desire?
Or if a fish he happen'd to demand,
Would give a serpent from a parent's hand?
If ye then evil, know how best to grant
The goodly gifts your children chance to want;
Shall not the LORD much better things bestow,
On all who to his will obedience show?
Whate'er to you from men you think is due,
Ev'n so to mankind you should always do;
For thus the law and prophets you fulfil,
And pay compliance to GOD's holy will.
At the strait gate an entrance strive to gain,
Which leads to pleasures ever free from pain;
For wide's the gate, and open is the way,
Which guides poor mortals from the LORD astray;
Destruction's paths extensive are, and broad,
And many wretches enter its sad road;
For strait's the way, and narrow is the gate,
Which leads to life, and few go in thereat.
Avoid false prophets, who mild carriage bear,
And do externally sheep's clothing wear;

But you in them will hidden mischief find,
 And breasts like wolves, as rav'nous and unkind,
 The fruits they bear their vileness shall disclose,
 And show the wickedness their hearts inclose.
 Do grapes on thorns for mankind ever grow?
 Or do the thistles any figs bestow?
 Thus ev'ry good tree useful fruit will yield,
 But trees corrupt with evil fruit are fill'd.
 A good tree cannot evil fruit conceive,
 Nor from bad trees can you good fruit receive.
 Each tree which doth not goodly fruit produce,
 Is fell'd and burn'd, as of no other use.
 Wherefore their fruits shall evidently tell,
 Whether from you they merit ill or well.
 Not ev'ry one that saith LORD, LORD, shall gain
 The realms of bliss, and endless joys obtain;
 But he that doth my heav'nly Father please,
 Shall join with angels in eternal praise.
 In that day many shall to me exclaim,
 LORD, have we not been prophets in thy name?
 And in thy name have dæmons overthrown?
 And in thy name much wond'rous actions done?
 Then will I say, I never gain'd your heart,
 Ye workers of iniquity depart.
 Therefore who doth my admonitions hear,
 And to my sayings lend a willing ear;
 Is like a man who, with true wisdom crown'd,
 Rear'd his strong edifice on rocky ground,

The ra
 And ro
 But ye
 Their
 And ev
 Yet do
 Shall t
 Who o
 Strong
 And dr
 Awhile
 And wi

 It ca
 All did
 And we
 Which
 Unlike
 The do

 C
 L E T
 Ye trust
 The hou
 A multi
 Were t
 And I p

The rain descended, floods with rapid rage,
 And roaring winds, against his house engage;
 But yet it fell not; founded on a rock,
 Their force united it could safely mock.
 And ev'ry one that hears those words of mine,
 Yet doth to wickedness his soul incline;
 Shall to a foolish person be compar'd,
 Who on the sand a tott'ring fabric rear'd;
 Strong floods rush on, the heavy rains descend,
 And dreadful storms their fury on it spend;
 Awhile it weakly strives their force to stay,
 And with a crash then tumbles to decay.

It came to pass, when JESUS made an end,
 All did with wonder to his words attend;
 And were astonish'd at the laws he spake,
 Which were deliver'd for poor mortals' sake.
 Unlike the Scribes, with boldness he display'd
 The doctrines which to endless comforts lead.

GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN, 14th Chapter.

LET not your hearts be overcome with woes,
 Ye trust in GOD, in me too trust repose.
 The house wherein my heav'nly Father reigns,
 A multitude of mansions contains;
 Were this not so, ere now ye should have heard,
 And I precede to have your place prepar'd.

M

If I depart, your dwelling to provide,
For my return with certainty confide,
That you I may unto myself receive,
And make you in my habitation live.
Whither I go ye fully comprehend,
And the right way in which your course should bend,
James saith, O LORD, we know not where you go,
Then how can we the proper passage know?
Jesus saith, I'm the life, the truth, the way,
And can alone mankind to God convey.
Had ye known me, my Father ye had known,
Henceforth ye know him, to your eye-sight shown,
Philip saith unto him, LORD, shew the Sire,
And we no greater knowledge will desire.
Jesus saith, have I been so long with thee,
And art thou, Philip, ignorant of me?
He who hath seen me hath my Father seen,
What doth thy words, then, shew the Father, mean?
Believe ye not that I in God abound,
And that in me the Father too is found?
The words I speak do not from me proceed,
But God who dwelleth in me, works the deed,
Believe the LORD's in me, I in the LORD,
Or trust me for the proofs the works afford,
Verily, verily, I say to you,
He who trusts me shall do the works I do,
And also greater works than those complete,
Because I to my Father now retreat.

What ye ask in my name ye shall attain,
That by the Son the Father praise may gain.
If ye shall any thing ask in my name,
With stedfast faith, I will perform the same.
If you for me would testify your love,
To my commandments still obedient prove.
And I will pray the Father, who shall give
Another comforter with you to live ;
Even the spirit of veracity,
Who will not by the world accepted be,
Because that him it neither hears nor knows,
Nor rev'rence to his inspiration shows ;
But ye acknowledge him, and honor pay,
For he dwells in you, and with you shall stay.
I will not leave you grieving to complain,
Devoid of comfort, but return again.
Yet for a little while, and I shall cease
To show to the surrounding world my face ;
But ye perceive me, and because I live,
Ye also in like manner shall survive.
At that day I'll be in my Father found,
And I in you, and you in me be crown'd.
He that submission to my precepts pays,
Love and attachment thus to me displays ;
And he that loveth me, shall likewise find
My Father loving towards him, and kind ;
And he shall also my affection share,
And I will clearly unto him appear.

Then Judas, not Iscariot, replies,
LORD, how wilt thou to our observing eyes,
Thyself conspicuously show alone,
Yet be to all the world besides unknown?
Then Jesus said, for me a man shall prove,
By strict attention to my words, his love;
My Father's love he likewise shall obtain,
And we will come, and both with him remain,
The man who will not to my words attend,
Doth not behave towards me as a friend;
Nor are the words I utter mine, indeed,
But from the LORD, who sent me here, proceed.
Behold these doctrines I have notify'd,
While I in your society reside.
But when the HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
Who in my name shall come, GOD's messenger,
Arrives, he shall teach all things, and restore
To your remembrance what I told before.
My peace I give you, peace with you I leave,
Not as the world gives, you from me receive.
Let not your hearts with troubles be oppress'd,
Nor with alarming terrors be distress'd.
Ye heard what formerly I said, I go,
Away, but will return again to you.
If ye regarded me, ye would rejoice,
That I respect my sov'reign Father's voice.
I timely warning ere it comes afford,
That when it comes, ye may believe my word.

I will not many things hereafter say,
For this world's prince comes, and I go away.
But that the world may evidently find,
I love the Father with a filial mind,
And to his precepts yield with willing heart,
Arise, and let us straightway hence depart.

15th CHAPTER.

MY Father is the husbandman, and I
The true vine which doth wholesome grapes supply.
Each branch in me that doth not clusters bear,
He loppeth off, with close-inspecting care;
And purgeth in me each prolific shoot,
That it may bring forth greater store of fruit.
Now ye are render'd altogether free,
By my instructions, from impurity.
Abide in me, and I in you. For lo!
As boughs detach'd from vines no grapes bestow;
So neither can you any sound fruits yield,
Unless ye are with my pure spirit fill'd.
I am the vine; ye are the boughs; and they
Who rest in me shall loaded boughs display.
For without me ye nothing can produce,
Cast forth, as wither'd branches, of no use;
But, gather'd up by men, in flames expire,
Beneath the fury of consuming fire.

If ye in me and my commands confide,
Ask what ye will, it shall not be deny'd.
Herein my Father's glory lies, that ye
Bear fruit, so shall ye my disciples be.
As the Father lov'd me, so did I prove
My love to you : Continue in my love.
If my commands in honor ye retain,
My uniform affection ye shall gain ;
Even as I have been obedient found
To my Sire's laws, and with his love am crown'd.
Thus have I spoken, that my joy might rest
In you complete, and ye with joy be blest'd.
Thus I command, that mutual love be shown
By you, such as my love to you is known.
No greater love than this we can suppose,
That for his friends a man his life should lose.
Ye are my friends, if with submissive will
Ye study my commandments to fulfil.
Henceforth I servants call you not of mine,
As servants know not what their lords design :
But I have call'd you friends ; for all I heard
My father speak, has been to you declar'd.
Ye have not chosen me, but I chose you,
And have appointed what ye are to do ;
That ye should bring forth pious fruit, and be
Bless'd in your increase everlastingly ;
That whate'er in my name ye may require,
My father may accomplish your desire.

This precept I command you to observe,
Affection for each other still preserve.
If the world hate you, this retain in mind,
It hated me ere 'twas to you unkind.
If we were of the world, we might depend
On having, of the world, a loving friend;
But as ye are not of the world, but made
A choice by me, its hatred is display'd.
Remember still my oft-repeated word,
The servant is not greater than the lord.
If they rejected me, they'll you reject,
If they heard me, they will not you neglect.
But for my name's sake they will you disown,
Because they have not him who sent me known.
Had I not come, and preach'd, they had been clean;
But no cloaks for their vices now remain.
He that doth for me bitter hatred bear,
Will in my Father's hatred likewise share.
Had I not greater works among them wrought,
Than man before, they had been free from fault.
But now have they beheld me with their eyes,
And yet me and my Father they despise.
But this doth what their law declares, fulfill,
They hated me, though I had done no ill.
But when the comforter is come, whom I
Shall send, the spirit of veracity,
Proceeding from the Father, he shall speak,
And honorable mention of me make.

And ye shall also witnesses abide,
Because your faithfulness has long been try'd.

16th CHAPTER.

THESE things have I declar'd, that ye should
To think your junction with me a disgrace. [cease
They from the synagogue shall you remove,
Because to me ye show respect and love :
Yea, the time cometh, when they shall contend,
That he who killeth you makes GOD his friend.
This they will execute, because they knew
Not what was to me or my Father due.
But these things have I mention'd, that ye may,
When the time comes, remember what I say,
At first no hint of these things ye receiv'd,
Because in fellowship with you I liv'd.
To him that sent me I depart, and lo
None of you asketh, whither dost thou go ?
But as these things I have to you reveal'd,
Afflictive grief hath o'er your hearts prevail'd.
Howe'er, the truth from you I must not hide,
I should not longer with you now abide ;
Nor will the Comforter, if I stay here,
Approach ; but when I go he'll straight appear.
Of sin, of right'ousness, and judgment he
Will, when he comes, prove men in fault to be.

Of sin,
Of right
Unto
Behold
Of jud
A male
Howe
In fals
For of
What
Me sha
Will b
Mine
He sha
Yet fo
In vai
Again
Myself
Amon
What
Yet fo
To fix
Again
To jo
There
A litt
Now
And

Of sin, because they kept me from their heart ;
Of righteousness, because I hence depart,
Unto my Father, and ye shall no more
Behold my countenance as heretofore ;
Of judgment, because this world's prince is thought
A malefactor, and to trial brought.
Howe'er, when the spirit of truth is come,
In falsehood's paths he shall not let you roam ;
For of himself he shall not speak, but tell
What he shall hear, and future things reveal.
Me shall he glorify ; for he of mine
Will be possess'd, and them to you define.
Mine are all the Father hath ; I said hence,
He shall take mine, and them to you dispense.
Yet for a little while, and ye shall try
In vain to view me with a stedfast eye :
Again, a little while, and I will show
Myself, because I to the Father go.
Among themselves then the disciples said,
What means the declaration he hath made,
Yet for a little while, and ye must cease
To fix your longing looks upon my face ;
Again, a little while, as I remove
To join the Father, visible I'll prove ?
Therefore they said, what doth this saying mean,
A little while ? we cannot this explain.
Now Jesus knew the drift of their desire,
And said, do ye among yourselves inquire

What means a little while, and ye shall find
Your eyes to see me actually blind ;
Again, a little while, and I shall be
Exhibited before you visibly ?
Verily, verily, I thus declare,
Ye shall lament with agonizing care,
But the world shall rejoice ; and ye shall mourn,
But all your sorrow into joy shall turn.
A woman when in travail is fore griev'd
As her time of deliv'rance is arriv'd ;
But when the child is born, the welcome boy
Converts her anguish into boundless joy.
Ye now feel woe : but I'll see you again ;
Make glad your hearts, none shall your bliss restrain,
Then ye shall ask me nought : and what ye claim,
The Father will bestow you, in my name.
Ye yet did nothing in my name require,
Request, receive, and have your full desire.
These things in parables I have express'd,
Ye shall not be hereafter thus address'd,
But I will plainly of the Father tell,
And make the paths of duty visible.
When ye petition in my name that day,
I say not for you to the LORD I'll pray ;
Because the Father ye have loving made,
By your affection towards me display'd ;
And with unshaken confidence believ'd,
That I authority from GOD receiv'd.

I from
And w
Then
Plain
Now a
Nor n
That y
Then
Behold
When
And le
Yet no
These
And t
In thi
But co

W

To he
Fathe
Upon
As he
That
And
The

I from the father to mankind come down,
And will return to an immortal crown.
Then his disciples said, Lo, now we hear,
Plain words, and from a doubtful meaning clear,
Now are we certain that ye all things know,
Nor need that men should ought unto you show:
That you came forth from God we hence perceive;
Then Jesus answer'd, do ye now believe?
Behold the hour approacheth, yea, is come,
When ye shall fly me, each one to his home,
And leave me lonely, void of company,
Yet not alone—the Father is with me.
These things I said, to bid your sorrows cease,
And that through me ye might have lasting peace,
In this world troubles shall on you obtrude,
But comfort take, the world I have subdu'd.

17th CHAPTER.

WHEN JESUS had these cheering words expressed,

To heav'n he turn'd his eyes, and God address'd,
Father, the hour is come; glory bestow
Upon thy Son, which back to thee may flow,
As he did from thee boundless pow'r receive,
That those you gave him might for ever live,
And this is life eternal, to know thee
The only God, from all eternity.

And JESUS CHRIST whom thou hast sent to bring
Thy faithful servants to their sov'ring king.
I have on earth thy praise and glory shown,
And have the work committed to me done.
And now, O Father, condescend to shed
A portion of that glory on my head,
Which I enjoy'd with thee in realms of light,
Before creation burst from gloomy night.
I have to those made manifest thy name,
Whom you permit me as my own to claim ;
From thee, their LORD, they were to me consign'd,
And to thy word they have their hearts inclin'd.
Now have they known that what thou gavest me,
Their being have deriv'd alone from thee.
For I to them the words from thee receiv'd
Have taught, which they accepted and believ'd,
And have known surely that from thee I came,
And own'd me sent thy kingdom to proclaim.
Not for the world I offer up my pray'r,
But those thou gavest me, for thine they are.
All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I
Acquir'd through them glory supreme and joy.
Now I go from the world, but these remain,
And I return to thee, in pow'r to reign.
Preserve those, holy Father, to thy Son,
You gave, that they, as we are, may be one.
While I continu'd in the world, they were
Kept in my name, through my incessant care ;

Of all
And ho
Excep
That t
I come
That i
I have
The w
Becau
By my
That t
But to
The w
Throu
As tho
So hav
Myself
That t
Nor pr
Those
That,
As tho
That t
And th
The gl
That t
That l
That p

Of all the number which you bade me guide,
And hold secure, not one has turn'd aside,
Except perdition's son, who fell from me,
That thus the scriptures might accomplish'd be.
I come to thee, and these things loudly tell,
That in themselves my joy might fully dwell.
I have deliver'd them thy word, and lo !
The world doth enmity against them show,
Because that from the world's society,
By my example led, they dar'd to fly.
That thou shouldst take them hence I do not pray,
But to protect them from each wicked way.
The world, as well as I, they have deny'd,
Through thy true word let them be sanctify'd.
As thou hast sent me to the world to preach,
So have I order'd them mankind to teach.
Myself I sanctified for their sake,
That they through truth might holiness partake.
Nor pray I for these only, but likewise
Those who through them become my votaries :
That, Father, they in concord may abound,
As thou in me, and I in thee am found ;
That they may share of our community,
And the world own that I was sent by thee.
The glory you gave me to them was lent,
That their lives might in harmony be spent.
That I in them, and you in me may stay,
That perfect unity they may display ;

And that you plainly to the world may prove,
 As you lov'd me, to them you showed love.
 Father, from thee this grant I also claim,
 That those you gave me may be where I am;
 And may the glory which you dealt me view;
 For I was lov'd ere the world being knew.
 O right'ous Father, men, perverse and blind,
 Could not the healing knowledge of thee find;
 But I confes'd thee, and these, too, have known
 That to the world thou hast dispatch'd me down.
 To them already I declar'd thy name,
 And will repeatedly announce the same;
 That the affection I enjoy'd from thee,
 May be in them, and they be fill'd with me.

 18th CHAPTER.

IT came to pass, when Jesus these words spoke,
 He went with his disciples o'er the brook
 Of Cedron, where a neighb'ring garden lay,
 Into which they together took their way.
 The place, too, Judas, who betray'd him, knew,
 For thither with the rest CHRIST oft withdrew.
 Then Judas, having under his command,
 Of officers and men, a chosen band,
 Which the chief priests and pharisees had sent,
 Thither with lanterns, staves, and torches went.

Then JESUS knowing what things he should bear,
Went forth, and asked them, What seek ye here?
JESUS of Nazareth, they said. Then he
Reply'd, the man ye seek behold in me.
And Judas also who betray'd him, stood
Connected with the military crowd.
When JESUS to them, I am he, had said,
They fell down prostrate on the ground, dismay'd.
JESUS again, whom do ye look for? cry'd.
JESUS of Nazareth, they all reply'd.
He said, you heard I'm he, your search now cease,
If ye seek me, let those depart in peace.
That what he spake might be fulfill'd, of those
I have lost none, whom for my fold you chose.
With anger Simon Peter then inflam'd,
Against the high-priest's servant, Malchus nam'd,
With a drawn sword a fur'ous onset made,
And cut away his right ear from his head.
CHRIST said to Peter, Sheath thy sword, nor think
The cup my Father gave, I shall not drink.
The captain, officers, and Jews straightway
On JESUS seiz'd, and led him bound away,
And made him before Annas first appear,
Father-in-law to Caiaphas, that year
High-priest. Now Caiaphas advis'd that one
By death, should for the people's sins atone.
And after JESUS, Peter, in the throng,
With one of the disciples, walk'd along;

The other was unto the high-priest known,
And was, with CHRIST, into his palace shown.
But Peter at the door without remain'd.
Then went forth he whom the high-priest retain'd
In memory, and did for him procure
Admittance, from the maid who kept the door.
Then said the damsel, art thou not, I pray,
This man's disciple? and he answer'd, nay.
The officers and servants gather'd round,
And as the day intensely cold was found,
They made a fire, to warm their freezing blood,
And Peter at the fire among them stood.
The high-priest then from JESUS closely sought
Of his disciples, and the rules he taught.
JESUS reply'd, I openly reveal'd
My doctrine to the world, nor aught conceal'd;
And in the synagogue and temple, where
The Jews resort, my precepts did declare.
Why dost thou ask me? ask them who heard me,
Behold they know what I said openly.
One of the officers attending, who
Heard CHRIST's defence, towards him nearer drew,
And gave him, with his open hand, a blow,
And said, dost thou the high-priest answer so?
Then JESUS answer'd, If it should appear
I spake amiss, against me witnesses bear;
But if with strict propriety I spoke,
Why do I from thee thus receive a stroke?

Now
To wh
And S
Then
Art th
But he
One o
To hi
Thus
Lately
Peter
And t
Then
Unto
But w
Them
Then
What
They
We ha
Then
And b
There
None
That
Which
Then
And fa

Now he to Caiaphas the high-priest went,
To whom in chains by Annas he was sent.
And Simon Peter stood before the fire,
Then did the people of him thus inquire,
Art thou not this man's disciple likewise?
But he, I know not what ye mean, replies.
One of the high-priest's servants, kinsman near
To him from whom Peter cut off an ear,
Thus question'd, in the garden did not I
Lately observe you in his company?
Peter again the charge with oaths deny'd,
And the cock crew, as Jesus prophesy'd.
Then led they CHRIST from Caiaphas away,
Unto the judgment-hall, at dawn of day,
But went not in themselves; unstain'd, to make
Themselves prepar'd the passover to take.
Then went out Pilate unto them, and said,
What charge of guilt against this man is laid?
They said, had he not been a criminal,
We had not brought him to thy judgment-hall.
Then Pilate answer'd, take him hence from me,
And by your law let him convicted be.
Therefore reply'd the Jews, our law commands,
None should with death be punish'd by our hands:
That thus might be fulfill'd the prophesy
Which Jesus utter'd, how he was to die.
Then Pilate went into the hall again,
And said, art thou King of the Jews? speak plain.

Doth this thing from thyself, CHRIST answer'd slow,
 Or others unto thee this knowledge show ?
 Pilate reply'd, Am I a Jew ? You come,
 By my decision to receive thy doom ;
 Charg'd by the chief-priests and thy countrymen ;
 Of what offence hast thou been guilty, then ?
 Then JESUS said, My kingdom is not here,
 My servants would defend me, if it were,
 And free me from this Jewish insolence ;
 But lo ! my kingdom is not now from hence.
 Therefore, said Pilate, Art thou, then, a king ?
 Then answer'd JESUS, You declare this thing.
 For this cause did I come, and for this end
 The world with my nativity befriend,
 And to the truth a testimony bear,
 All that are of the truth my voice will hear.
 Pilate said, What is truth ? And then declar'd
 Unto the Jews, no fault in him appear'd.
 Ye have a custom I should save, he saith,
 A culprit at the passover, from death ;
 Then are you willing pardon to proclaim
 To him who does himself your sov'reign name ?
 And all reply'd, Not him, but Barrabbas,
 And he a murderer and robber was.

 19th CHAPTER.

THEN *Pilate* scourg'd JESUS, till the gore
 His unoffending body cover'd o'er.

A crown of thorns the soldiers also made,
With which, and purple robes, he was array'd ;
Then with their hands they smote him wantonly,
And cry'd, Hail, *Jewish* king ! in mockery.
Therefore again unto them *Pilate* came,
And said, Behold I find in him no blame.
Then *JESUS* with his crown and robes appear'd,
And *Pilate* said, View here the prince rever'd !
When him the officers and chief-priests spy'd,
Then all exclaim'd, Let him be crucify'd.
This execute yourselves, then *Pilate* saith,
I find in him no crime deserving death.
The *Jews* then answer'd him, We have a law,
Which final punishment should on him draw,
Because that he, with blasphemous pretence,
Call'd himself the Son of OMNIPOTENCE.
This saying *Pilate* heard, and, fill'd with dread,
Did to the judgment-hall again proceed,
And said to *CHRIST*, Who or whence art thou? Speak.
But *JESUS* no reply vouchsaf'd to make.
Then *Pilate*, with astonishment inspir'd,
Dost thou not speak to me ? of *CHRIST* inquir'd :
Or art thou ignorant, that pow'r in me
Resides, to crucify, or set thee free ?
JESUS reply'd, You could no pow'r possess,
But from above, to make me feel distress ;
Therefore the greater must the guilt appear
Of him, who brought me unto trial here.

Thence *Pilate* sought his freedom to obtain ;
But the *Jews* clamorously cry'd again,
If he's releas'd you are not *Cæsar's* friend ;
Who makes himself king, *Cæsar* must offend.
When *Pilate*, therefore, heard them thus debate,
He brought forth *JESUS* to the judgment-seat,
And in a place, the pavement call'd, sat down,
By the name *Gabbatha* in *Hebrew* known.
And now about the sixth hour when the *Jews*
For the passover-preparation use,
Pilate saith, See your king. But they reply'd,
Bear him away, let him be crucify'd.
Then *Pilate* answer'd, Must your king thus die ?
They said, All kings but *Cæsar* we deny.
Then he resign'd him up without delay ;
And they took *JESUS*, and led him away.
And he his cross supporting, onwards went,
Beneath the agonizing pressure bent,
Until to a place call'd a skull he came,
But in the *Hebrew*, *Golgotha* by name.
Here he and other two were crucify'd,
Carrion in the midst, and one on either side.
And *Pilate* on the cross fix'd this writing,
JESUS OF NAZARETH THE JEWISH KING.
This title, then, did many of the *Jews*,
For *JESUS* near the city dy'd, peruse ;
In *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*, 'twas express'd.
And then the chief-priests *Pilate* thus address'd,

The Ki
Affirm'
Then P
What I
The fol
His ga
To eac
Witho
They
But th
That
My p
And l
The f
Now
His r
The
And
And
Wit
He
The
Anc
Th
Th
Th
A
W

The King of the Jews, write not, but that he
Affirm'd himself King of the Jews to be.
Then Pilate to this application said,
What I have written, is a writing made.
The soldiers, then, when CHRIST was crucify'd,
His garments take (which they in four divide,
To each a quarter), and likewise his coat,
Without seam woven from the top throughout.
They therefore said, The coat we will not tear,
But the proprietor let lots declare :
That thus might happen what the scriptures spake,
My parted raiment among them they take,
And lots pronounce who shall my coat receive.
The soldiers therefore, in this way behave.
Now to the cross of Jesus there stood nigh
His mother and her sister ; and Mary,
The wife of Cleophas, was likewise there,
And Mary Magdelene drew also near.
And when his mother, CHRIST, on looking round,
With the disciple whom he loved, found,
He to his mother cry'd, Thy Son perceive ;
Then said to him, Thy mother now receive.
And from that hour he brought her to his home,
Thenceforth her Son adopted to become.
Then Jesus, knowing all compleated first,
The scriptures to accomplish, said I thirst.
A vessel there with vinegar was set,
Wherein a sponge was, by the soldiers wet,

On hyssop put, and to his mouth apply'd.
When Jesus, therefore, had the mixture try'd
He said, 'Tis finished; then bow'd his head,
And join'd the great assembly of the dead.
As, then, it was the preparation-day,
That on the cross the bodies might not stay
Upon the sabbath-day, it came to pass
(Because that sabbath-day an high day was)
The Jews pray'd Pilate their legs they might break,
And from thence, afterwards, their bodies take.
The soldiers came, and brake in pieces, then,
The legs of both the executed men.
But when they found life's pulse in CHRIST had
 ceas'd,
Against his legs no hostile hands they rais'd.
But with a spear a soldier pierc'd his side,
From whence of blood and water flow'd a tide.
And he that saw it testimony bare,
While truth attesteth what he doth declare;
And he knows truth confirmeth what he saith,
That in his evidence ye might have faith.
The scriptures to fulfill, these things were done,
Ye shall not find in him a broken bone.
Another scripture thus doth testify,
On him they pierc'd they shall look stedfastly.
And then Joseph of Arimathea
(CHRIST's secret convert, of the Jews in awe)
Pilate besought CHRIST's body he might have,

Which l
And wit
(Who f
And bro
Of myr
In liner
With f
A gard
And a r
Becaus
In eart

T

And
Yet l
As br
Tho'
Know
Alth
And
Dev
The
Tho
Wh

Which he remov'd, when Pilate granted leave.
 And with him too came Nicodemus there
 (Who first at night to JESUS did repair)
 And brought, commix'd, the last rites to complete,
 Of myrrh and aloes-an hundred weight.
 In linen cloaths, then, CHRIST's corpse they inclose,
 With spices, as the Jews their dead dispose.
 A garden stood near where he death obey'd,
 And a new tomb wherein man ne'er was laid.
 Because of the Jews' preparation here
 In earth CHRIST rested, for the tomb was near.

1st CORINTHIANS, 13th Chapter.

TH O' I should speak with mens' and angels'
 tongues,
 And grace with eloquence sublime my songs;
 Yet lacking charity, I should be found
 As brass, or tinkling cymbals, nought but sound.
 Tho' with the gift of prophesy inspir'd,
 Knowledge of mysteries I have acquir'd;
 Altho' enlighten'd intellects I share, [tear;
 And faith, which mountains from their base can
 Devoid of charity, I must become
 The worthless offspring of my mother's womb.
 Tho' I bestow my riches on the poor,
 Who miserably croud around my door;

Or give my martyr'd body to the flame,
Yet, wanting charity, I lose my name.
Long-suff'ring charity is meek and kind,
Nor heeds another's bliss with envy's mind :
Is not puff'd up with hateful vanity,
Nor looks on mankind with a scornful eye :
Doth not with insolence itself behave,
Or its just rights with haughty conduct crave :
To bitter quarrels easily incline,
Or against others, evil acts design :
Doth not in vile iniquity rejoice,
But in defence of truth exalts its voice.
Benignant charity, with gentle heart,
In sympathizing sorrows bears a part ;
In God's veracity confiding still,
Its hopes are built on his unerring will :
And, deck'd with mild habiliments of peace,
Immortal charity will never cease :
Tho' tongues shall fail ; knowledge dissolve away ;
And faculties prophetic feel decay.
Our present minds contracted wisdom deal,
Events foretelling on a narrow scale ;
But when complete perfection comes in sight,
Its feeble dawn shall yield to boundless light.
When I in childhood ignorantly walk'd,
As children I thought, understood, and talk'd :
But when I to maturity had grown,
Each childish tendency away was thrown.

Now o
Which
And pa
Until I
And ne
But sti

M
The go
Which
And w
Which
Will fa
For at
The do
How,
CHRIST
That i
And fr
Of Cep
And ne
Of wh
But in
Himself
Then b

Now objects darkly through a glass appear,
Which shall hereafter spotless lustre wear :
And partial knowledge is on me bestow'd,
Until I reach the happy realms of God.
And now Faith, Hope, and Charity abide,
But still the last shall o'er the rest preside:

1st CORINTHIANS, 15th Chapter.

MOREOVER, brethren, I declare once more,
The gospel which I preach'd to you before ;
Which ye did also formerly receive,
And which ye still with confidence believe;
Which, if what I said, ye in mind retain,
Will save you, if ye trusted not in vain.
For at the first I openly made known,
The doctrine that had to myself been shown ;
How, as the word of scripture testifies,
CHRIST for our sins became a sacrifice ;
That in the bowels of the earth he lay,
And from his prison burst on the third day ;
Of Cephas first, then of the twelve, was view'd,
And next before more than five hundred stood ;
Of whom the greater part alive is found,
But in death's icy slumbers some are bound.
Himself to James he afterwards reveal'd,
Then by the whole Apostles was beheld:

And last of all was also seen by me,
As one brought into life abortively.
For I of the Apostles am the least,
Nor worthy in the number to be plac'd,
Because I brandish'd persecution's sword,
Against the servants of the living LORD.
But what I am the grace of GOD has wrought,
Nor was his grace bestow'd on me for nought;
But more abundantly than all I strove,
And yet not I, but GOD's assisting love.
But therefore whether it were I or they,
So did we preach, and you obedience pay.
If we teach CHRIST arose, how then do some
Among you say, none from the grave can come?
But if there can no resurrection be,
Then is not CHRIST from death's dominion free,
And if to life CHRIST be not rais'd again,
Vain is our preaching, and your faith too vain.
Yea, we false witnesses of GOD appear,
Because we testimony of him bear,
That he rais'd CHRIST, whom yet he did not call,
If truth confirms the dead rise not at all.
For if the dead no resurrection have,
Then is CHRIST still imprison'd in the grave.
And if CHRIST is not yet recall'd from death,
Your sins remain, and useless is your faith.
Then they who dy'd, and hope in CHRIST repos'd,
Their eyes in never-ending gloom have clos'd,

If here
We th
But CH
Is the f
For sin
By man
For as
So shal
But all
His fa
Then c
The ki
When
And m
For he
Till al
The ty
That r
For he
But w
He is
Who a
And w
Then
His re
Who
Else w
For th

If here alone in CHRIST we build our trust,
We the most wretched are of breathing dust.
But CHRIST, now liberated from the tomb,
Is the first-fruits of them that slept become.
For since by man death on the world was brought,
By man was mankind's resurrection wrought.
For as in Adam all are doom'd to die,
So shall in CHRIST all live eternally.
But all in order: CHRIST the first-fruits, then
His faithful servants among mortal men.
Then comes the end, when he shall have restor'd
The kingdom to his Father, GOD the LORD;
When he all pow'r and rule shall have put down,
And made authority supreme his own.
For he must reign with unremitting sway,
Till all his enemies submission pay.
The tyrant death shall be the latest foe,
That must sustain a total overthrow.
For he beneath his feet hath all things laid.
But when he saith all things are subject made,
He is excepted, plainly must appear,
Who all things brought beneath his sov'reign care:
And when all things his government confess,
Then also shall the son himself express
His rev'rence for GOD's majesty on high,
Who shall unrivall'd, boundless rule enjoy.
Else what must they do who baptism receive
For the dead, if the dead shall not revive?

Why for the dead are they baptiz'd ? and why
Do we each hour remain in jeopardy ?
By our rejoicing, which in CHRIST I find,
I am incessantly to death consign'd.
If, arm'd with reason's shafts, I war sustain'd
With beasts at Ephesus, what have I gain'd,
If the dead rise not ? Let us eat and drink,
We die to-morrow.—Why, then, gravely think ?
Be not deceiv'd : Evil connexions steal
Our hearts astray, and o'er good thoughts prevail.
To virtue rise, and fly sin's baneful road,
For, to their shame I speak ! some know not God.
But some will say, How are the dead restor'd ?
What body is allow'd them by the LORD ?
Thou fool, the seed thou castest in the ground,
Except it die, can with no fruit be crown'd.
The seed thou sowest shall not rise again,
But yield a crop of wheat or other grain.
But in his wisdom God a body gives,
And ev'ry seed its proper frame receives.
All flesh is not the same ; but men, we find,
Beasts, fish, and birds, have each a diff'rent kind,
Celestial and terrestrial bodies too,
The LORD has openly expos'd to view ;
But the celestial glory shines with light,
Distinct from that which makes the earthly bright,
There is one glory of the beaming sun,
One of the stars, one of the waning moon ;

For stars possess a difference of rays,
And with variegated glory blaze.
So will the raising of the dead be found ;
Sown in corruption, it shall be rais'd found.
Sown in dishonor, it to glory springs,
And strength, instead of former weakness brings.
Sown weak, and natural, and doom'd to woes,
A body pure and spiritual it grows.
There is a body natural and frail,
And one whose purity shall never fail.
So the first Adam a live soul was made,
The last a quick'ning spirit, as 'tis said.
The natural did first precedence claim,
Afterwards that which is spiritual came.
The first man earthly is, and form'd of clay,
The last the LORD of universal sway.
The earthy are like that whence they proceed,
And as the heav'nly, are the heav'nly seed.
As we the likeness of the earthy bear,
We shall the image of the heav'nly wear.
Now, brethren, this I say, that flesh and blood,
Cannot attain the heav'nly realms of God ;
Nor can corruption incorruption see.
Behold I now display a mystery ;
All shall not sleep, but a change undergo
Sudden as thought, when the last trump shall blow ;
The trump shall sound, the dead rise, and we come
Chang'd, and set free from vile corruption's gloom.

Corruption must pure incorruption be,
 And frail flesh put on immortality.
 So, when corruption shall be done away,
 Turn'd to a state that never can decay,
 Shall come to pass the words of ancient date,
 Death is absorb'd in victory complete.
 O death, where now is felt thy blunted sting?
 O grave, what haughty triumph dost thou bring?
 The sting of death is sin; and from the law
 We healing remedies for sin may draw.
 Thanks be to GOD, thro' JESUS CHRIST his SON,
 By whom we lasting victory have won.
 Therefore, beloved brethren, stedfast stand,
 Unmoveable, inclin'd to GOD's command,
 Abounding in the bless'd work of the LORD,
 Which shall an heav'nly recompense afford.

GENESIS, 22d Chapter, 19 first Verses.

AND some time afterwards the LORD design'd
 To know by trial Abraham's faith of mind;
 And he call'd to him, and said, Abraham.
 Then he reply'd, Behold, LORD, here I am.
 And he said, Isaac take, thy sole, lov'd son,
 And to the land of Moriah go on,
 Where, on a mountain which I'll show to thee,
 Present him a burnt-offering to me.

Then Abraham got up at dawn of day,
Saddled his ass, to bear him on his way,
Made Isaac and two young men-servants rise,
And clave the timber for the sacrifice,
And then together all their journey took,
Towards the place of which JEHOVAH spoke.
And on the third day afar off, behold,
Appear'd the mountain of which he was told.
Then to his young men Abraham reply'd,
Remain you here, and with the ass abide ;
While the lad and I yonder go to pay
Our worship, and return to you straightway.
Then Abraham on his son Isaac put
The wood which for the sacrifice was cut ;
And he took in his hand a knife, and fire,
Then did he with the lad apart retire.
And thus spake Isaac, O my father, heed !
Then answer'd Abraham, My son proceed.
And he cry'd, Lo ! the wood and fire are here,
But is a lamb for the burnt-off'ring near ?
And he said, God will find a lamb, my son,
For a burnt off'ring.—So they both went on.
And Abraham, where he was taught by God,
An altar rear'd, and duly rang'd the wood ;
Then bound his son, whom on the wood he laid
For a burnt-off'ring, as the LORD had said ;
And took the knife, and stretched out his hand,
To slay his son, as GOD had giv'n command.

And out of Heav'n the angel of the LORD,
Vouchsaf'd to utter his almighty word,
And to him said, Abraham, Abraham,
Then answer'd he, Lo ! here, O LORD, I am.
And he said, Lay not thine hand on the boy,
Neither do thou to him an injury ;
For now your trust in God is fully try'd,
Since thou hast not thy only Son deny'd.
And Abraham a ram, on looking round,
In a brake by his horns entangled found ;
And he seiz'd on the ram, and of him made
A burnt-off'ring in his son Isaac's stead.
Then he the place Jehovah-jireh nam'd,
Which, as the Mount of PROVIDENCE, is fam'd.
And the LORD from the regions of the bless'd
A second time thus Abraham address'd ;
Myself, saith the LORD GOD, do I swear,
Since thy lov'd only Son thou would'st not spare ;
Thy welfare I will constantly increase,
And multiply exceedingly thy race,
Like stars which glitter in the realms of day,
Or grains of sand along the foaming sea ;
And thy posterity, with conquest crown'd,
Shall all their haughty enemies confound ;
And in thy seed shall all the earth rejoice,
Because thou hast attended to my voice.
Then Abraham return'd to his young men,
And they all dwelt at Beer-sheba again.

A
Behold
Who
And f
In me
Nor w
Thou
Nor a
Of thi
Or in
Thou
Nor f
For I
And st
Of fire
My p
But ki
Who
Do no
Or tal
For C
Those
Remen
And h

EXODUS, 20th Chapter, 17th first verses.

AND thus the LORD express'd himself, and said,
Behold in me the LORD thy GOD display'd,
Who thy deliverance from Egypt wrought,
And from the land of bondage have thee brought.
In me alone with fervent zeal confide,
Nor worship pay to any gods beside.
Thou shalt not any graven image make,
Nor a similitude unto thee take
Of things in heav'n, or in the earth below,
Or in the waters which beneath them flow :
Thou shalt not to them humbly prostrate fall,
Nor for relief importunately call.
For I the LORD thy GOD will jealous be,
And strictly punish all iniquity
Of fires and sons in long descent, who hate
My precepts, or my orders violate ;
But kind and merciful to thousands prove,
Who my commandments and my person love.
Do not the attributes divine profane,
Or take the name of thy LORD GOD in vain ;
For GOD will not of wickedness acquit
Those who such gross impiety commit.
Remember to observe the sabbath-day,
And holy adoration on it pay.

Six days thou shalt thy industry pursue,
And do the labour which thou hast to do ;
But to the seventh the LORD thy GOD lays claim,
On which thou shouldst devoutly praise his name.
In it by thee, thy daughter, or thy son,
Or thy man-servant, shall no work be done ;
Thy maid-servant, thy cattle, or whoe'er
Tastes, in thy gates, thy hospitable fare.
For in six days GOD made heav'n, earth, and sea,
And all they hold, and ceas'd the seventh day ;
Wherefore on it a blessing was bestow'd,
To endless ages, by Almighty GOD.
Unto thy parents grateful honor yield,
And GOD will long thy life and welfare shield.
Avoid with care all sanguinary strife,
Nor rob thy fellow-creature of his life.
With fix'd abhorrence shun adultery,
And ev'ry action of indecency.
Let not to fraud thy erring soul incline,
Nor seize by violence what is not thine.
Against thy neighbour no false witness bear,
Nor with detraction wound his character.
Do not indulge a covetous desire,
Thy neighbour's wife or dwelling to acquire ;
Nor seek, his maid-servant, man, ox, or ass,
Or any property thy neighbour has.

T
Who v
And fa
Nor de
Then u
Quick
By the
Thou f
The w
And ra
So he,
By the
And ra
And w
In a sh
As rain
Then c
Unto Z
Lo ! th
By me
Then r
And as
Behold
For fir

1st KINGS, 17th Chapter.

TO AHAB the Tishbite Elijah came,
Who with the men of Gilead rank'd his name,
And said, For years, as liveth Israel's LORD,
Nor dew nor rain shall fall without my word.
Then unto him did GOD's command thus speak,
Quick get thee hence, and thy course eastward take ;
By the brook Cherith, near to Jordan's side,
Thou shalt remain, and there thy person hide.
The water shall thy craving thirst allay,
And ravens bring thee nourishment each day.
So he, obedient to the will of GOD,
By the brook Cherith, near Jordan, abode.
And ravens brought each morning flesh and bread,
And with like food each ev'ning was he fed.
In a short space the brook was render'd dry,
As rain had ceas'd its sources to supply.
Then did again GOD's orders thus declare,
Unto Zidonian Zarephath repair :
Lo ! there a widow woman, weak and poor,
By me directed shall thee meat procure.
Then rising he went to Zarephath straight,
And as he came unto the city gate,
Behold the widow woman there he found,
For fire-wood seeking little sticks around :

Then he address'd her, and said, Bring with haste
A cup of water, my parch'd lips to feast.
And as she went, he call'd again, and said,
Bring also in thy hand a scrap of bread.
And she reply'd, The LORD who hears me speak,
Can judge I am not mistress of one cake ;
Of meal a scanty handful, and no more,
With a small drop of oil, completes my store :
And lo ! those sticks I gather, as you see,
To dress a morsel for my son and me :
That so we may on our last victuals dine,
And to the grave our famish'd frames consign.
Then said he unto her, Fear not, but go
And execute what you design'd to do :
But first for me a little cake prepare,
And afterwards thy son and thou shalt share.
For thus doth the LORD GOD of Israel say,
The stock of meal shall suffer no decay,
Nor any waste the cruse of oil sustain,
Until the LORD shall on the earth send rain.
Then did she with the prophet's will comply,
And long abundance bless'd her family.
She found no diminution of her meal,
Nor did her little cruse of oil once fail,
According to the saying of the LORD,
Which he had utter'd by Elijah's word.
It came to pass, ere many days were gone,
That sickness visited the widow's son ;

And h
The p
Then
O mar
My fe
And o
Then f
And fr
Unto a
And on
Then d
Why d
And su
While
Then o
And be
O LOR
And to
Then d
And wi
And to
To diffi
Convey
Lo thy f
Then to
By this t
That fro
And do

And his complaint so violent became,
The pulse of life forsook his breathless frame.
Then cry'd the wretched mother, bath'd in tears,
O man of GOD, how hast thou swell'd my cares !
My sense of sin art thou come to revive,
And of her child the widow to deprive !
Then said Elijah give thy son to me,
And from her bosom, rent with misery,
Unto a loft the child he straight convey'd,
And on his bed the clay-cold body laid.
Then did he fervently the LORD address,
Why dost thou, LORD, the widow thus distress ;
And summon to the grave her darling boy,
While in her house my lodgings I enjoy !
Then on the child he stretched himself thrice,
And besought GOD with supplicating voice ;
O LORD my GOD, thy mercy I implore,
And to this child his soul again restore !
Then did GOD grant the prophet's warm desire,
And with the breath of life the child inspire.
And to the house, Elijah, from his room,
To dissipate the widow's mournful gloom,
Conveys the child, and to the mother cries,
Lo thy son lives ! Restrain thy rending sighs.
Then to Elijah thus the woman said,
By this the pow'r of heav'n I see display'd ;
That from the LORD a messenger thou art,
And dost in truth the word of GOD impart.

1st KINGS, 18th Chapter.

AND when three years their fleeting course had
run,
Thus to the Prophet was GOD's will made known;
Go, and before the face of Ahab stand,
And I will pour forth rain upon the land.
Then did Elijah with submission go,
Himself to Ahab, Israel's king to show :
While famine, with destructive rage replete,
Held in Samaria its baneful feat.
Then Ahab thus to Obadiah said,
Whom master of his household he had made,
(Now Obadiah greatly fear'd the LORD,
And when Jezebel drew the bloody sword
Against GOD's prophets, he, their lives to save,
An hundred hid, by fifties, in a cave,
And in their solitary, dark abode,
Of bread and water due supplies bestow'd.)
Go thro' the land, and closely search around,
Wherever brooks or water-springs abound ;
We may, perhaps, enough of grafs espy,
For mules and horses, lest the beasts all die.
So they, to pass throughout the land, agreed
In different directions to proceed :
Ahab, alone, his road by one course bent,
And Obadiah in another went.

As Oba
Behold,
Whom
Say, is
And he
Lo ! he
Then an
That th
As thy
My Lon
And wh
An oath
And no
Lo ! in
And it f
Ready
The spi
Where
And wh
And he
My life
But I th
Did not
That I a
By fiftie
And dea
And nov
Elijah's

As Obadiah journey'd on the road,
Behold, he chanc'd to meet the man of God;
Whom recognizing, he falls down, and cries,
Say, is Elijah present to my eyes?
And he reply'd, He is ; to Ahab say,
Lo ! here Elijah will himself display.
Then answer'd he, What evil have I done,
That thou to certain death wouldst drive me on ?
As thy God liveth, before whom I stand,
My Lord hath fought thee throughout ev'ry land ;
And when they said, He is not here ; he took
An oath that in veracity they spoke.
And now to Ahab thou bidst me declare,
Lo ! in this place Elijah will appear :
And it shall happen, that when hence I go,
Ready compliance with thy will to show,
The spirit of the LORD shall thee remove,
Where fruitless will my search to find thee prove :
And when thy orders I to Ahab tell,
And he cannot discover where you dwell,
My life shall fall a forfeit to my word,
But I thy servant always fear'd the LORD.
Did not my Lord intelligence receive,
That I an hundred prophets in a cave
By fifties from Jezebel's fury sav'd,
And dealt the nourishment which nature crav'd ?
And now you bid me thus to Ahab speak,
Elijah's here ;—and he my life shall take.

Then said Elijah, As God lives, to-day
I will myself to Ahab's sight convey.

Then Obadiah towards Ahab went,
And to Elijah the King's steps were bent.
And Ahab, when he saw Elijah, said,
Art thou he that hast ills for Israel made?
He said, I have not stirr'd up Israel's woe,
But from thee, and thy house, their evils flow ;
Because God's laws are banish'd from your mind,
And your whole thoughts to Baal are inclin'd.
Now, therefore, for the men of Israel send,
And at mount Carmel let them all attend ;
Call the groves' prophets, four hundred, to me,
With Baal's priests, four hundred, and fifty ;
Who at Jezebel's royal table wait,
And feast in all the elegance of state.
The men of Israel, as the king decreed,
And all the prophets, to the mount proceed.
Then said Elijah unto all around,
How long shall ye be fluctuating found ?
If God be LORD, to him your voices raise,
Or else to Baal join in songs of praise.
Then to the silent, congregated crowd
Elijah thus address'd himself aloud ;
Of the LORD's prophets I remain only,
But Baal's are four hundred and fifty.
Let them two bullocks for us now procure,
And for themselves the chosen ox secure,

Which
But pla
And I
But no
Then f
My sol
And le
Then c
To Ba
Choo
For ye
Your d
Then t
And di
Saying
To hea
Then v
Upon t
And al
In elev
He is a
Or dri
Or, pe
And m
With
And p
Until
Ran d

Which they may cut, and lay on logs of wood,
But place no fire below to dress their food ;
And I the other bullock will receive,
But no coals underneath the timber leave :
Then supplicate your Gods, while I proclaim
My sole dependence on JEHOVAH's name ;
And let the GOD who speaks by fire be LORD.
Then cry'd the people, We applaud thy word.
To Baal's prophets thus Elijah said,
Choose your ox first, and have it ready made,
For ye are many ; and address with faith
Your deities ; but lay no fire beneath.
Then the ox which was given them they took,
And did from morn till noon Baal invoke ;
Saying, O Baal, hear us ! But they found,
To hear their pray'rs, no condescending sound.
Then with distracting disappointment stung,
Upon the altar which was made they sprung.
And about noon Elijah mocking says,
In elevated shouts your voices raise :
He is a *God*, sure ! and on business talks,
Or drives the foe, or on a journey walks,
Or, peradventure, sunk in sleep he lies,
And must be rous'd with loud, repeated cries !
With madness fir'd, they call'd with bolder strains,
And prick'd with knives and lancets their fill'd veins,
Until the gushing streams of crimson blood,
Ran down their bodies like a swelling flood.

And when they prophesy'd till noon was gone,
And ev'ning sacrifice was coming on ;
Yet was by them no voice or answer heard,
Nor any who would their requests regard.
Then said Elijah to the men, Come here.
And to the prophet they approached near,
While he his active diligence bestow'd
To mend the torn down altar of his God :
And for this end Elijah chose twelve stones,
The number of the tribes of Jacob's sons,
To whom the word of God Almighty came,
And said, Henceforth shall Israel be thy name.
Then with the stones an altar he prepar'd,
Which was in honor of JEHOVAH rear'd :
And round the altar a deep trench was made,
Wherein two measures of seed might be laid.
Elijah next the wood in order put,
Whereon he plac'd the ox, in pieces cut ;
And said, With water four large vessels fill,
Which on the wood and off'ring you shall spill.
Repeat the same, he said, which straight they did ;
And the third time obey'd, as they were bid.
In rills the water round the altar flows,
And in the trench unto the top arose.
And when the ev'ning sacrifice drew nigh,
The prophet thus to God address'd his cry ;
LORD of Abraham, Isaac, Israel, hear,
That thou art God let it to-day appear ;

And tha
Whatev
Attend
That re
That th
And ha
Then th
And bu
And in
Each d
Then s
The L
And to
Let no
Straig
Giv'n,
To Ah
To eat
Ahab
While
Whe
Holdi
And t
Thy l
And h
Then
And a
Like

And that I am thy servant, and have wrought
Whatever I was by thy precepts taught !
Attend, O LORD, and make this people know
That reverence to thee alone they owe !
That thou a merciful Creator art,
And hast reform'd each disobedient heart !
Then the consuming fire of GOD quick flies,
And burns the wood, stones, dust and sacrifice,
And in its rapid motion drinks around
Each drop of water in the trench it found.
Then said the people, falling prostrate down,
The LORD is GOD ; the LORD is GOD alone !
And to the people thus Elijah spake :
Let none escape—all Baal's prophets take.
Straight were they seiz'd, and by Elijah's word,
Giv'n, at Brook Kishon, victims to the sword.
To Ahab then the Prophet said, Prepare
To eat and drink, for rain immense is near.
Ahab sat down to take some nourishment,
While to mount Carmel's top Elijah went,
Where lowly on the earth himself he laid,
Holding between his knees his bended head ;
And to his servant cry'd, Straightway ascend,
Thy looks unto the distant ocean bend.
And he said, Nought I see towards the main.
Then call'd Elijah, Go sev'n times again.
And at the sev'nth time, From the sea, he cries,
Like a man's hand, I see a small cloud rise.

Then he reply'd, Bid Ahab haste away,
Lest the rain should occasion a delay.
And while to Jezreel Ahab rode, behold,
Rain, wind, and clouds the heav'ns in black infold.
And lo ! Elijah, by the LORD sustain'd,
Entrance in Jezreel before Ahab gain'd.

2d KINGS, 5th Chapter.

NAAMAN, leader of the Syrian host,
Was by his sovereign esteemed most,
And held in honor, as by him the LORD
To Syria deliv'rance did afford:
The title of great prowess too he bore,
But leprous sores cover'd his body o'er.
And parties of the Syrians went out,
Who thro' the land of Israel took their rout,
From whence they carry'd off a little maid,
Who to Naaman's wife attendance paid ;
To whom she said, Would God my master were
To the fam'd Prophet of Samaria near ;
Who the physician of sound health would prove,
And soon the loathsome leprosy remove !
Then went one to the King, and said, Behold,
Thus hath the Israelitish maiden told.
The Syrian monarch answer'd, Go to, go,
I'll to the King of Israel write, and know.

fold.

Then Naaman commenc'd his journey straight,
And brought, of silver, ten talents in weight,
Six thousand pieces of gold coin, beside
Ten suits of raiment, deck'd with splendid pride :
And thus to Israel's king his letter ran ;
Behold, herewith I send thee Naaman,
My valuable servant, to obtain
From thee a cure, his leprosy to clean.
And when the letter Israel's king had read,
He rent his cloaths, and thus in anguish said,
Am I a GOD, to save or to destroy,
That this man bids me heal a leprosy ?
Wherefore consider now, I pray, and look,
How he to enmity doth me provoke.
And when it to Elisha was made known,
The man of GOD, what Israel's king had done,
This message unto him the Prophet sent,
Wherefore hast thou thy cloaths, desponding, rent ?
Let him come to me, and he shall perceive
That yet a prophet doth in Israel live.
So he with steeds and chariot, in state
Came forth and stood before Elisha's gate.
And from Elisha these directions came,
Immerse thyself sev'n times in Jordan's stream ;
Then shall thy malady receive its doom,
And thy sound body in full vigour bloom.
But Naaman was wroth, and went away,
And was, indignantly, induc'd to say,

Lo ! I thought he will surely come to me,
And stand, and supplicate his Deity ;
Then strike his hand across the part impure,
And thus perform an efficacious cure.
Damascus, Abana and Pharpar boasts,
Rivers more fam'd than all in Israel's coasts ;
May I not wash in them, and be made whole ?
So he went off, and rage inflam'd his soul.
Then came his servant near, and said, My Sire,
Did he some grievous task from thee require,
Wouldst thou not do it ? How much rather, then,
When he saith only, Wash, and be made clean ?
In Jordan, then, according to the word
Proceeding from the Prophet of the LORD,
He sev'n times dipp'd his vitiated frame,
And like a child's his cleansed flesh became.
Then to Elisha he return'd again,
And stood before him, he, and all his train,
And said, I know in all the earth around
No GOD, except in Israel, can be found ;
Now therefore, I beseech thee, for my sake
A blessing from thy grateful servant take.
Then said Elisha, As the LORD doth live,
Who hears me speak, no present I'll receive.
And Naaman each mode persuasive us'd,
But still the Prophet utterly refus'd.
Then said he to Elisha, Shall I pray,
Be granted to me two mules' load of clay ?

For he
Iunto
For t
That v
In Rin
And le
When
May C
Then
And h
But th
When
Behol
And a
But a
Haste
So str
And v
He q
To m
Then
My r
Beho
Sons
For
Toge
Then
Two

For henceforth sacrifice or burnt-off'ring
I unto no Gods but the LORD will bring.
For this thing may the LORD thy servant spare,
That when the king, my master, shall appear
In Rimmon's house, his worship to bestow,
And lean on me, and I to Rimmon bow :
When I in Rimmon's temple lowly bend,
May GOD his pardon to me then extend !
Then said Elisha to him, Go in peace.
And he departed from him a small space.
But thus the prophet's man, Gehazi, spake,
When he perceiv'd Elisha nought would take ;
Behold my master hath this Syrian spar'd,
And at his hand accepted no reward ;
But as GOD liveth, I will instantly
Haste after him, and for some gift apply.
So straightway after him Gehazi ran,
And when he was observ'd by Naaman,
He quickly from his carriage did alight
To meet Gehazi, and cry'd, Is all right ?
Then said Gehazi, All my Lord, is well :
My master thus hath order'd me to tell,
Behold, ev'n now two young men to me came,
Sons of the prophets, from Mount Ephraim ;
For them a silver talent I beseech,
Together with a change of cloaths for each.
Then Naaman reply'd, Pray be content
Two talents with the garments may be sent,

And in two bags, two silver talents ty'd,
 He forc'd upon him, and the cloaths beside,
 Which, upon two of his domestics laid,
 Were, to the Prophet's house, by them convey'd.
 And when they reach'd the tow'r, Gehazi then
 Laid up the presents, and dismiss'd the men.
 Then went Gehazi to his master's room,
 Who thus demanded, Whence now art thou come?
 And he reply'd, Thy servant went no where.
 Then said Elisha, Felt my heart no care,
 When from his chariot the man retir'd,
 And for my welfare eagerly inquir'd?
 Is this a time garments or cash to crave?
 Or oliveyards or vineyards to receive?
 For men-servants or maidens to apply?
 Or seek for sheep and oxen greedily?
 The leprosy of Naaman, therefore,
 Shall cleave to thee and thy seed evermore.
 Then did he from the Prophet's presence go,
 A miserable leper, white as snow.

ISAIAH, 9th Chapter, 7 first Verses.

YET shall the dimness less obscure be found,
 Than when vexation's arrows flew around;
 When on Zebulun, and Naphthali's land,
 At first he lightly laid affliction's hand;

And af
 His cu
 Beyond
 By Gal
 The pe
 Have b
 They w
 Have s
 Thou h
 But its
 Their's
 Or tha
 The bu
 And hi
 Horrif
 The fa
 But thi
 A grat
 For un
 A son
 On wh
 And th
 Wonde
 Eterna
 Of his
 A const
 With j
 His ho

And afterwards, upon the ocean's shore,
His cup of indignation bubbled o'er;
Beyond fam'd Jordan, who, with healing tides,
By Galilean regions proudly glides.
The people who long walk'd in gloomy night,
Have been refresh'd with comfortable light;
They who the darksome vale of death possess,
Have seen the shining beams of happiness.
Thou hast the nation greatly multiply'd,
But its hilarity not magnify'd:
Their's is the joy of farmers freed from toil,
Or that of soldiers who divide the spoil.
The burden of his shoulder thou hast broke,
And his oppressive, Midianitish yoke.
Horrific noise, and blood-stain'd garments show,
The fatal conflict of the warlike foe;
But this shall be with sacrifices made,
A grateful tribute to JEHOVAH paid.
For unto us is born a child divine,
A son bestow'd of chosen Judah's line,
On whom shall rest the government supreme;
And this shall be his everlasting name,
Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty LORD,
Eternal Father, Prince of Peace ador'd.
Of his peace and dominion shall be shown
A constant increase upon David's throne;
With judgment and with justice to direct
His holy servant, and his rights protect.

The LORD of Hosts, whose word shall never fail,
Will this perform with unabating zeal.

ISAIAH, 11th Chap. 10 first Verses.

FROM Jesse's stem a blooming rod shall shoot,
And a rich branch shall flourish from his root.
On him shall rest the spirit of the LORD,
With wisdom and pure understanding stor'd;
The spirit of good counsel and of might,
Teaching how to know and fear GOD aright:
Which shall expand his faculties of mind,
And show perfections of an heav'nly kind;
Nor on his intellects of sight or sound,
Shall he his punishments or judgments found.
He shall the poor with righteousness try,
And for the meek reprove with equity.
His awful voice shall fill the earth with pain,
And when he speaks the wicked shall be slain.
Justice the girdle of his loins shall prove;
His reins are girt with faithfulness and love.
The wolf and lamb in harmony shall live,
And leopards into friendship kids receive:
The calf, the fatling, and the lion's heir
Shall walk submissive to an infant's care.
The cow and bear together shall be fed,
Nor shall their young feel any jealous dread,

But on
And lik
The fu
Around
And w
His ha
From
My ho
For as
So sha
A roo
To w
To th
And g

T
And
For a
And
To f
Nor
Desp
A m
As i
We

But on a common couch their bodies lay ;
 And like an ox the lion shall eat hay.
 The sucking child shall play, without controul,
 Around the stinglefs asp's unpoison'd hole ;
 And without danger the wean'd child may rest
 His hand on the fell cockatrice's nest.
 From fatal proofs of their malignity
 My holy mountain shall be ever free :
 For as the waters the vast ocean fill,
 So shall the world pay homage to God's will.
 A root of Jesse in that day shall rise,
 To which the people shall direct their eyes ;
 To this the Gentiles shall with ardour press,
 And gain rewards of lasting happiness.

ISAIAH, 53d Chapter.

THE truth of our report who deigns to own ?
 And to whom hath God's mighty pow'r been shown ?
 For as a tender plant he shall be found,
 And as a root in dry and parched ground :
 To form or comeliness no claim he lays,
 Nor has he beauty our desires to raise.
 Despis'd, rejected, and beheld with scorn,
 A man of sorrows, and to troubles born :
 As if asham'd to keep him in our view,
 We turn'd indignant, and our eyes withdrew.

The LORD of Hosts, whose word shall never fail,
Will this perform with unabating zeal.

ISAIAH, 11th Chap. 10 first Verses.

FROM Jesse's stem a blooming rod shall shoot,
And a rich branch shall flourish from his root.
On him shall rest the spirit of the LORD,
With wisdom and pure understanding stor'd;
The spirit of good counsel and of might,
Teaching how to know and fear God aright:
Which shall expand his faculties of mind,
And show perfections of an heav'nly kind;
Nor on his intellects of sight or sound,
Shall he his punishments or judgments found.
He shall the poor with righteousness try,
And for the meek reprove with equity.
His awful voice shall fill the earth with pain,
And when he speaks the wicked shall be slain.
Justice the girdle of his loins shall prove;
His reins are girt with faithfulness and love.
The wolf and lamb in harmony shall live,
And leopards into friendship kids receive:
The calf, the fatling, and the lion's heir
Shall walk submissive to an infant's care.
The cow and bear together shall be fed,
Nor shall their young feel any jealous dread,

But on a
And lik
The suc
Around
And wi
His har
From f
My ho
For as
So shal
A roo
To wh
To th
And g

T
And
For
And
To f
Nor
Desp
A m
As i
We

But on a common couch their bodies lay ;
And like an ox the lion shall eat hay.
The sucking child shall play, without controul,
Around the stinglefs asp's unpoison'd hole ;
And without danger the wean'd child may rest
His hand on the fell cockatrice's nest.
From fatal proofs of their malignity
My holy mountain shall be ever free :
For as the waters the vast ocean fill,
So shall the world pay homage to God's will.
A root of Jesse in that day shall rise,
To which the people shall direct their eyes ;
To this the Gentiles shall with ardour press,
And gain rewards of lasting happiness.

ISAIAH, 53d Chapter.

THE truth of our report who deigns to own ?
And to whom hath God's mighty pow'r been shown ?
For as a tender plant he shall be found,
And as a root in dry and parched ground :
To form or comeliness no claim he lays,
Nor has he beauty our desires to raise.
Despis'd, rejected, and beheld with scorn,
A man of sorrows, and to troubles born :
As if asham'd to keep him in our view,
We turn'd indignant, and our eyes withdrew.

172 SELECT PORTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

Surely he did our miseries sustain,
 And in his person bear our grief and pain :
 Yet have we reckon'd him to feel the rod
 Of an offended and avenging God.
 For our transgressions he was wounded fore,
 And bruises for our wickedness he bore :
 On him our peace-conferring stripes were laid,
 And by his chastisement our debt was paid.
 All we, like silly sheep, have gone astray,
 Attach'd thro' ignorance, to error's way ;
 And on him hath the LORD impos'd the weight
 Which our sins render'd exquisitely great.
 Afflicted and oppress'd with keenest woes,
 His lips refuse his anguish to disclose :
 Speechless as lambs beneath the butcher's knife,
 Or silent sheep, he yields his spotless life.
 He was from trial and confinement brought,
 And by whom shall his pedigree be sought ?
 With guilt untainted he resign'd his breath,
 And for my people's crimes receiv'd his death.
 With wicked men he sunk into the tomb,
 And with the rich partook a mortal doom :
 Yet had he done no violence or wrong,
 Or with deceit defil'd his heart or tongue.
 But it pleas'd God his wounds to multiply,
 And rack him with unceasing misery :
 When his soul's made an offering for sin,
 His seed shall bloom, his days of joy begin ;

And in
 An over
 He of
 And sat
 By know
 Number
 Theref
 And wi
 Becaus
 And he
 He on
 And in

I M M
 At w
 And r
 Retur
 By y
 Ince
 And
 Diffu
 As y
 And

And in his hand the service of the LORD
An overflowing increase shall afford.
He of the travail of his soul shall see,
And satisfaction reap abundantly :
By knowledge shall my right'ous servant save
Numbers, and on himself their sins receive.
Therefore his lot shall with the great abide,
And with the strong shall he the spoil divide :
Because to death he had resign'd his soul,
And he was muster'd in the sinners' roll :
He on himself the crimes of mankind laid,
And intercession for transgressors made.

ON THE

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

IMMORTAL LORD! JEHOVAH most supreme!
At whose dread word all things from nothing came;
And must again, when your commands await,
Return to their primæval, empty state.
By your controul, the kindly-shining sun
Incessant moves, his daily course to run!
And the pale moon does with her silver light,
Diffuse her ceaseless splendor on the night :
As you direct, the planets ever roll,
And tell your mightiness from pole to pole.

Thou sov'reign GOD, omnipotent, most just,
 Who formed Adam out of brittle dust;
 And in thy likeness did his person frame,
 And gave him faculties to praise thy name!
 But he, transgressing thy most sacred law,
 Did on the world thy sore displeasure draw;
 'Till thy blest Son forsook his throne on high,
 To save fall'n mankind from their misery;
 And for their sake endur'd most racking pain,
 That they thereby might sure salvation gain.
 I AM, invisible, pure, good, and kind,
 In whom the just do endless comforts find.
 Incomprehensible, Almighty GOD,
 Who govern mankind by thy awful nod.
 Deathless, all-ruling, uncreated LORD,
 Who order all things by thy pow'rful word.
 Thou GOD inthron'd, unerring, and unseen,
 Eternal Governor of mortal men.
 Infallible, omniscient, ador'd,
 Unpassive, loving, ever-watchful LORD.
 Propitious, all-beholding, unconfin'd,
 Rev'renc'd and eminent Judge of mankind.
 GOD, incorporeal, unchang'd, most high,
 At whose great word the dreadful thunders fly.
 Most grac'ous, immaterial, unrestrain'd,
 In whose light bonds the right'ous are detain'd.
 LORD undeceiv'd, resistless, and uney'd,
 On whose great mercy we should still confide.

T
 How c
 The c
 Tho' w
 And sp
 Nay,
 And ch
 Yet, f
 Could
 And y
 The p
 LORD
 A war
 Make
 And c

NON

A
 To he
 Awhil
 And n

Ye
 Nor e

How can poor poor mortals gratefully repay
 The countless blessings of thy gentle sway !
 Tho' we should pass fourscore revolving years,
 And spend that time in never-ceasing pray'rs ;
 Nay, should we live innumerable days,
 And chaunt incessantly our songs of praise ;
 Yet, still unprofitable servants, we
 Could never tell thy love sufficiently ;
 And yet thou dost with tenderness receive
 The poor returns which we sincerely give.
 LORD everlasting, to our souls instill
 A warm desire thy dictates to fulfil !
 Make us still eager for thy saving grace,
 And crown us joyful in the realms of peace !

A D V I C E

TO THE

NON-OBSERVERS OF THE SABBATH.

ALL ye who drowsily on Sunday creep
 To hear a sermon—tho' ye soundly sleep ;
 Awhile with patience to my words attend,
 And mark the counsel of a chiding friend.

Ye who must sleep, should always stay at home,
 Nor ever yawning to God's temple come ;

176 TO NON-OBSERVERS OF THE SABBATH.

For his commands thus wickedly ye break,
And of his worship open mock'ry make.
Can you indulge a foolish, empty thought,
That ye are blameless, when ye are not caught
In slumb'ring posture, and may snugly lie,
If you can shun each fellow-mortal's eye?
But know, rash creatures ! that JEHOVAH's sight
Beholds your actions in the darkest night ;
Nor are your inmost, secret thoughts unknown
To God, who governs ev'ry thing alone.

To you, fair nymphs ! I next address my theme,
As your great levity rebuke must claim.
Pray, is the church a proper place to court ?
Is that a scene for gigglers to make sport ?
Should you form parties there, or shameless leer,
Remark your dress, and at each other sneer ?
Fly such impieties, nor bring disgrace
By empty carriage, on a charming face ;
But wisely strive, by modest, decent ways
To gain affection, and the LORD to please.

With you, ye fops, rakes, fribbles I conclude,
Who early learn the method to be rude ;
And hope each fair one's easy faith to win,
By launching deeply into modish sin.
Beware of prating in the house of God,
Nor vilely use the ogle, wink, or nod.

Endeav
Nor rash
So shall
And eve

L
And ben
Striving
To taste
For feebl
Of joys
And wit
From ye
We shin
Tho' we
We glid
Which l

Think
What dr
If you in
Nor pai
For if y
In your
But if t
Nor hav

Endeavour God's consuming wrath to shun,
Nor rashly into endless tortures run :
So shall your days with happiness be crown'd,
And even death will scatter bliss around.

ON AGE.

Lo ! hoary age now slowly stalks abroad,
And bends beneath its momentary load ;
Striving with nerveless limbs, and half-clos'd eyes
To taste the sweets which want of strength denies :
For feeble seventy will not admit
Of joys for vig'rous manhood only fit.
And with what rapid motions do alas !
From youth till age our fleeting moments pass !
We shine this minute, and are rais'd on high,
Tho' we, perhaps, must the next instant die.
We glide like shadows vain before the wind,
Which leave not the least vestiges behind.

Think, then, ye sons of men, ere 'tis too late,
What dreadful punishments must you await ;
If you in vain pursuits have spent your days,
Nor paid attention to God's holy ways :
For if you should his dread commands neglect,
In your last hours, what peace can you expect ?
But if thro' life his will you have obey'd,
Nor have by wicked counsels e'er been sway'd ;

Your dying couch shall yield you calmest ease,
 And from your minds each fearful thought erase.
 O may we, then, with zeal unceasing strive
 To keep a fervent love of God alive !
 May we the firmest virtue still retain,
 That we eternal happiness may gain !

ON LIFE.

LIFE, potent sovereign of all mankind,
 In whose light bonds with pleasure they're confin'd !
 Thou balmy potion, sweet which ne'er can cloy,
 And which we're anxious always to enjoy !
 Thou dearest friend to rich men and to poor,
 For which all hardships gladly they endure !
 When tempests rage, for thee the sailors pray,
 And for thee cast their dear-bought wealth away.
 The pris'ner for thy sake would undergo
 The most severe and complicated woe.
 Each sex and age with equal pow'r you bend,
 With like desires they at your shrine attend.
 Do thou, indulgent, my fond wishes hear,
 And to my cravings turn a placid ear !
 Grant that my life I on such terms may choose,
 That it I ne'er may be afraid to lose !
 O make me always in God's nurture live,
 And to his precepts due attention give !
 Into my breast a love of him instill,
 And lead me always in his holy will !

From dire commotions let me ever cease,
And lull me into everlasting peace !

ON DEATH.

DEATH, thou best comforter of the distress'd,
By whom their agonies are hush'd to rest !
The good man's bliss, the wicked's greatest curse,
Since their bad state by thee is chang'd, to worse !
Thou aged youth ! sure messenger of fate !
Impartial judge of poverty and state !
Whence is it that you always terrors bring,
Tho' you're oft but a momentary sting ?
And that, tho' vested with unbounded sway,
So very few are willing to obey ?
How do you cause such universal dread ?
It must from consc'ousness of guilt proceed.
What else could make mankind so strangely err,
As worldly toys to heav'nly bliss prefer ?
O be thou ever present to our sight,
And guide our footsteps in the paths of light !
Destroy each evil thought that may arise,
And drive the mist of error from our eyes !
That we, when our appointed hour is come,
With Christian fortitude may meet our doom !
If virtue was our guide, we may rely
On God's firm promise " We shall never die."

ON DRY, WARM WEATHER IN SPRING,

SUCCEEDED BY RAIN.

WHEN vernal Phœbus his long station keeps,
And ne'er on duty like a sluggard sleeps ;
When keen and fervent his wing'd arrows fly,
And clearest lustre crowns the vaulted sky ;
Then hangs each flow'r its weak and drooping head,
And mournful gardens weep their beauties dead ;
The budding blossoms are observ'd to fade,
And sadly beg some wat'ry planet's aid ;
Distending earth its gaping jaws displays,
And with dumb wishes for refreshment prays ;
The parched fields defy the farmer's toil,
And hungry cattle crop the scorching foil ;
The birds in clusters seek the close retreat,
And panting shun the overpow'ring heat ;
While sick'ning nature is oppress'd with care,
And universal mourning seems to wear.
But when from heav'n the wish'd-for rain descends,
Its honors fair creation soon extends ;
The nodding trees their leafy pride renew,
And with fresh glory boast their verdant hue ;
The op'ning flow'rs, restore to richest bloom,
Emit a sweet and delicate perfume ;

Each blushing hedge then rears its gladsome head,
While glowing blossoms fragrant odors shed ;
The fertile lawns their former pomp regain,
And herds in gambols scud across the plain ;
Unnumber'd daisies deck each grassy vale,
And gentle zephyrs waft a spicy gale ;
The feather'd songsters echo thro' the grove,
And in fond strains repeat their constant love ;
The prospect pleasure to the farmer yields,
Who, cheerful, views his plenty-bringing fields ;
The frisking lambs, the woolly sheep attend,
Whose joyous bleatings the deep vallies rend ;
The frugal bees their honey'd treasures hoard,
Which in abundance fragrant flow'rs afford ;
The yawning earth receives the limpid food,
And gladly drinks the all-enliv'ning flood ;
While smiling nature is elate with joy,
And tastes of comforts which can never cloy.

Thus some poor mariner, distress'd, forlorn,
By adverse winds from his dear country torn ;
When foaming surges round the vessel roar,
Which crashing break with horror on the shore ;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, sees with streaming eyes
Surrounding terrors, and inclement skies ;
Laments his family, now left to weep
For him, thought bury'd in the raging deep :

R

But should the tempest by degrees subside,
 And fanning breezes give a tranquil tide;
 His woes are banish'd by the welcome wind,
 Preceding hardships vanish from his mind;
 His sparkling eyes his ardent joys confess,
 And smiles declare his heart-felt happiness;
 The long'd-for port with swelling sails he gains,
 Where rest awaits him from his late felt pains;
 His friends, wife, children, his warm transports
 And mirthful pleasures dissipate his care. [share,

All hail, dread LORD! who deal with mighty hand
 To heav'n, earth, sea, and air thy great command!
 Who in their proper time to mortals give
 The fruits of earth, on which they are to live!
 Who in due season send heat, snow, and rain,
 And hoary frost, which binds the level plain!
 Let all the world their songs of homage pay,
 And own, rejoicing, thy benignant sway!
 With ceaseless praises thy vast worth proclaim,
 And in loud pæans celebrate thy name!

ON JANUARY.

THE *New Year* comes, and in its train,
 Cold chatt'ring hail, and beating rain:
 While furious winds, replete with rage,
 In loud, tumultuous strife engage.

The rustics, clad in coarse attire,
Now huddle close around the fire ;
Where, free from gnawing care and strife
They lead a cheerful, frugal life ;
And, happy in an humble state,
Unenvy'd view'd the rich and great.
The air inclement tempests cloud,
And storms horrid roar aloud ;
While clust'ring herds to shelter run,
The direful hurricanes to shun ;
And *Sol*, withdrawn from mortal sight,
But seldom deals his partial light.
The fowler, with the rising day,
Thro' thorny brakes directs his way ;
And as the woodcocks flush around,
The shot inflicts a fatal wound ;
Or while the snipe darts thro' the skies,
Swift death arrests him as he flies.
The water's frozen top employs
Unnumber'd groupes of girls and boys ;
Who gladly o'er the chrystal tide,
In daring, active motions slide ;
Or form'd in parties, joyful throw
Their harmless balls of purest snow ;
And jocund, blithe, their sports pursue,
'Till *February* comes in view.

ON FEBRUARY.

Now *February* bleak appears,
Which fills our breasts with gloomy fears;
And, cheerless, makes us oft retreat
To court the fire's enliv'ning heat.
The fruitless earth dejected moans
Its doleful fate in deepest groans.
Now, weighty show'rs of driving hail,
With raging vehemence prevail;
Succeeding cataracts of rain,
With rapid floods o'erwhelm the plain;
And ravage with resistless force,
Whatever dare oppose their course;
Then, frosts in fetters bind the ground,
And spread their firm-lock'd chains around;
Next, falling clouds of chilling snow,
Add still fresh implements of woe;
While dreadful hurricanes of wind,
Disturb with fears each timid mind:
And yet the choristers of air
In throngs assemble now to pair:
And jocund, fill each wood and grove,
With sweetest notes of constant love.
The farmer views, with heaving sighs,
The tumults that involve the skies;

And aching sorrows fill his soul,
While raging, dismal tempests howl.
Now *Phæbus* peeps abroad by day,
And glads us with his cheering ray;
Contracting each returning night,
'Till *March* approaches to our fight.

ON MARCH.

I *N March* destructive tempests roar,
And foaming billows lash the shore;
While ev'ry sailor's daring breast
With anx'ous trouble is oppress'd.
Consumptive people waste away,
And sickly mortals now decay;
And while the earth acquires fresh bloom,
They quickly hasten to the tomb.
Rude blasts convulse the northern skies,
And as loud-sounding storms arise;
The jovial rustics quaff their beer,
And hail this season of the year.
The huntsman with his sweet-ton'd horn,
With joyful shouts salutes the morn;
And free from fear, pursues his dogs,
O'er hills and dales, thro' plains and bogs.
The pretty, little, harmless lambs,
Frisk gladly with their woolly dams;

And while the vallies deep resound,
 They bleating leap, and sport around.
 Now to the cultivated plain,
 The farmer trusts his yellow grain;
 Which will in proper time afford
 A ten-fold produce to its Lord.
 But lo! the sun, increas'd in light,
 Displays his glory to our sight.
 The cheerful, all-enlivening spring,
 Instructs the feather'd race to sing;
 While Nature, tasting purest mirth,
 To pleasant *April* gives its birth.

ON APRIL.

Now *April* comes, whose fertile rain
 With verdure decks each grassy plain;
 And does to smiling fields dispense
 Its glad and welcome influence.
 The sky serenely bright appears,
 The sun's kind heat the farmer cheers;
 The sportive lambkins skip around,
 While ev'ry lawn's with daisies crown'd.
 The budding trees their bloom renew,
 And put on robes of verdant hue.
 The milkmaids now, untaught by art,
 To their dear swains their love impart;

While ev'ry youth, with equal flame,
Returns the passion of his dame,
The hardy plowman turns the soil,
And drowns in merriment his toil.
The honest rustic tells his tale
Over a pot of nut-brown ale;
While belles and coxcombs are array'd
In costly cloth, and rich brocade.
The warbling birds their carols sing,
And joyful hail the lovely spring.
The busy bees now fly abroad,
To seek their mellow, honey'd load;
And frugal ants, with prudent care,
Supplies for winter now prepare.
The season daily warmer grows,
The cooling breeze more rarely blows;
Still *Phæbus* darts a stronger ray,
And tells us of the coming *May*.

ON MAY.

F AIR NATURE deck'd in mild array,
Now ushers in the lovely *May*;
While welcome *Phæbus* glads our sight,
And fills our bosoms with delight.
The blossoms pendant on the bough,
With balmy odors richly glow.

The blooming verdure kindly sheds
Its fragrance on the grassy meads.
With sweetest notes the vocal thrush,
Harmonic pipes from ev'ry bush ;
And whistling blackbirds, from each thorn,
Salute, with melody, the morn.
Fond *Ceres* crowns with rising grain
The fertile, culture-boasting plain.
The frugal bees collect with care
The sweets which op'ning blossoms bear ;
And hoard a plentiful repast
Against the winter's gloomy blast.
The feather'd songsters watch their nest,
And lull their clam'rous young to rest ;
Which striplings oft, in wanton play,
Remorseless seize, and bear away.
The nymphs and shepherds in each grove,
Alternate chaunt their faithful love ;
And not a creature now complains,
While jocund, lovely *Maia* reigns.
But lo! the sun still clambers high,
And darts fresh glory from the sky ;
His steeds more slowly drive at noon,
And warn us of approaching *June*.

BEE

The ki

While

The fo

The bl

Are w

And ti

Collec

The c

And fi

The h

Emit

Fond

Keep

And

The f

Whi

Exul

Wit

The

The

And

The

Wh

ON JUNE.

BEHOLD now with an aspect clear,
The kindly smiling *June* appear ;
While in its train the sun displays
The force of his delightful rays !
The blooming orchards all around,
Are with the sweetest blossoms crown'd ;
And the industr'ous, frugal bees,
Collect the honey from the trees.
The cheerful larks now soar on high,
And sing, rejoicing, to the sky.
The hawthorns clad in smiling bloom,
Emit a fragrant, rich perfume.
Fond *Flora*, in her gaudy dress,
Keeps in the gardens her recess ;
And now beholds with glowing eyes,
The sweetly-smelling flow'rs arise ;
While ev'ry field, and each gay plain,
Exulting owns her pleasant reign.
With joy the husbandmen behold
The cheerful crops their farms unfold.
The welcome cuckoos fly around,
And glad us with a simple sound,
The bashful nymphs now nightly stray,
Where cooling rivers gently play ;

And by the rustic swains uney'd,
 Plunge their fair bodies in the tide.
 But see the all-enliv'ning fun,
 His daily course unwearied run ;
 And give, with much reluctance, place
 To *July*, which comes on apace !

ON JULY.

Now *July* comes, on which await
 A scorching sky, and fervent heat ;
 While rays fierce-darting from the sun,
 Incessant move, their course to run.
 The apples ripen on the trees,
 And flow'rets court the busy bees.
 The woods and groves with music ring,
 As feather'd choirs in concert sing ;
 And fragrant meadows, blushing sweet,
 The smell with balmy odors greet.
 Say, can the painter's pencil vie
 For colours, with the butterfly ?
 Or with his nicest tints expose,
 Such graces as the blushing rose ?
 The woodbines, deck'd in native pride,
 Tho' mounting near the bramble's side,
 Surpass in ornament and smell,
 Each perfum'd, gaudy, flutt'ring belle.

The cha
 And ho
 With n
 And ha
 Now fr
 And in
 The loa
 And no
 But *Ph*
 Contra
 'Till pl
 Which

L
 Elates
 Hark
 In mil
 And v
 Bends
 The
 Make
 And
 That
 The
 And

The chatt'ring, corn-frequenting quail,
And hoarse-pip'd, meadow-loving rail;
With notes alternate strike the ear,
And hail with joy the jocund year.
Now frisking herds shun *Sol's* bright ray,
And in refreshing waters play.
The loaded trees luxuriant glow,
And now their mellow fruits bestow.
But *Phæbus* quickly hastes away,
Contracting each succeeding day;
'Till pleasing *August* comes in sight,
Which yields us longer rest at night.

O N A U G U S T.

Lo blooming *August*, smiling kind,
Elates the careful farmer's mind!
Hark! how the gently-swelling breeze,
In mildness whispers thro' the trees;
And wafting calmly o'er the plain,
Bends into waves the yellow grain!
The dog-star now, with raging heat,
Makes the reluctant hind retreat;
And rest his weary limbs awhile,
That he again may work and toil.
The trees with juicy apples bend,
And pears from loaded boughs depend:

The peaches with a blushing dye,
 Invite the taste, and glad the eye ;
 While balmy flow'rets all around,
 With richest honors cloath the ground;
 Their sickles now the swains prepare,
 And, joyful, to the fields repair ;
 Jocund to reap, with busy hands,
 The produce of their fertile lands :
 Their work with plenty *Ceres* crowns,
 And in rich crops their hardships drowns.
 With hurry ev'ry village teems,
 And all one scene of bus'ness seems ;
 While frugal mortals life employ
 In bustle, labour, care, and joy,
 The morning sees their toil begun,
 Which ends not with the setting sun ;
 And all the willing task pursue,
 'Till mild *September* comes in view.

ON SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER, rich with waving grain,
 With plenty crowns each hoary plain ;
 While careful husbandmen, with joy,
 Diligently their time employ ;
 And cheerful reap the nodding hoard,
 Their fertile fields ten-fold afford.

With
 Which
 Or pr
 Ordai
 The f
 And v
 While
 To ea
 The b
 Are c
 And l
 Well
 The f
 In str
 And t
 Forge
 The f
 And f
 While
 The l
 But se
 And d
 A dif
 As fac

With mellow fruit the orchards glow,
Which mild and pleasant fruit bestow ;
Or press'd, afford a cooling juice,
Ordain'd by GOD for mankind's use.
The silver moon, with borrow'd beams,
And waning lustre, nightly gleams ;
While gilded stars, remotely bright,
To earth emit a twinkling light.
The bleating sheep, secure from cold,
Are closely tended in their fold ;
And lowing herds their stalls contain,
Well shelter'd from the chilling rain.
The feather'd warblers cease to sing
In strains which made the woods once ring ;
And settle pensive in the grove,
Forgetful now of making love.
The sun more dimly rules by day,
And shines now with a fainter ray ;
While the fading trees fore lament
The leafy honors from them rent.
But see, loud-swelling blasts arise
And darker horrors cloud the skies ?
A dismal prospect all things wear
As sad *October* does appear.

ON OCTOBER.

Now bleak *October* rushes on,
Which seldom owns the cheering sun ;
And weak, consumptive beings fear
This sickly season of the year.
The leafless trees dejected mourn
Their once glad beauties from them torn ;
While dreadful *Boreas* blows amain,
And strews their honors o'er the plain.
The drooping warblers of the wood,
Now fearful roam abroad for food ;
And every naked, lonely bush
Bewails the absent, sweet-pip'd thrush.
Swift round his head the thresher wheels
His flail, whose weight the barley feels ;
And to his blows, quick-falling, yield
The ripen'd harvests of the field.
The horrid tempests direful roar,
And surges dash against the shore ;
While sailors view, with fearful eyes,
The lightnings flashing from the skies.
Each jolly swain, o'er nut-brown ale,
Now cracks a jest, or tells a tale ;
And hearty shouts proclaim around,
That mirth and harmony abound.

Chill'd mortals round the embers crowd,
And joyous sing, or talk aloud ;
Then to their homely couches creep,
To ease their toil in balmy sleep :
While with *November* shorter days,
Long nights, and nipping colds increase,

O N N O V E M B E R.

NOVEMBER, of unwelcome hue,
Approaches dismal to our view ;
While dreadful hurricanes display
Their baneful force by land and sea.
The dismal rain its fury pours,
In weighty, quick-descending shower's ;
While muddy streams, in swelling rills,
Rush rapid down the sloping hills ;
And clouds of hail sharp-pointed fly,
Darting their vengeance from the sky.
The thrifty housewife cards and spins,
Whose task with rising *Sol* begins,
Nor till he long has sunk from sight,
Does she to labour bid good night.
The lowing cattle seem to moan,
And for their verdant pastures groan ;
Whose owners, heedful of their cry,
With straw and hay their wants supply.

Now lively folk at balls and plays,
 Or charming cards, their fancies please ;
 And foolish children round the fire,
 Of fairies, ghosts, and sprites inquire ;
 Till weary grown, they shrink to bed,
 Fill'd with horrific, idle dread.
 Now, in the cold, benumbing night,
 The swallows bend their eager flight
 To snug-thatch'd roofs, where they remain,
 Secure from storms, and chilling rain.
 But lo ! *December* next appears,
 Which racks our breasts with painful fears.

O N D E C E M B E R.

ROUGH, baneful hurricanes arise,
 And northern tempests cloud the skies ;
 While chilling blasts make mortals know
December comes, replete with snow.
 The wither'd herbage of the fields
 Scant food to hungry cattle yields,
 That heartless crop the poor remains
 Of fertile once, and verdant plains.
 With plenty deck'd, the festive board
 Does mirth and jollity afford ;
 And jocund people *Christmas* hail
 With sports, songs, jests, and honest ale ;

Which serve to banish sullen care,
And ease the hardships of the year.
The innocent and useful sheep,
To places set with bushes creep ;
And there in plaintive bleatings moan
The pleasant, sunny season gone.
Thick crowded stars adorn the night,
And shed a clear and glitt'ring light.
In mourning clad, the feeble sun
Dejected moves, its course to run ;
And faint, obscure, each gloomy day,
Scarce deals to earth a single ray.
The frost with hoary honors crown'd,
In close-lock'd fetters binds the ground ;
Whose keen and piercing pow'rs dispense
To land and sea their influence,
Which numb the limbs with nipping pain ;
And the year ends with cold and rain.

ON MORNING.

BEHOLD the glitt'ring stars retire,
And in thick clouds themselves repose ;
Avoiding *Sol's* resplendent fire,
While beaming glory round him flows.

The daring cock, with lofty throat,
Gives notice of the coming morn ;

And nightingales of sweetest note,
Forsake their resting-place, the thorn.

The huntsman with loud, early cries,
Now starts the fearful, nimble hare;
And o'er the plains impatient flies,
The worthless, timid prey to share.

From his straw couch the frugal clown
Hastes quick to earn his wages poor;
And snarling cur-dogs in each town,
Stand barking at their master's door.

The fowler, with observant eye,
Explores each wood and brake around;
And as the warblers sleeping lie,
They sink beneath a deadly wound.

Now fishermen into the flood,
With stedfast look commit their bait;
While in large shoals the finny brood
Catch eager at their certain fate.

The linen from the clean-wash'd pail,
Is hung to dry upon the thorn;
And sturdy threshers with the flail,
Incessant beat the yielding corn.

The soaring larks, ascending high,
Freed from the dismal gloom of night,

Tune their shrill pipes, and gladly fly,
Rejoicing at approaching light.

The blooming milkmaid sweetly sings,
As she trips lightly o'er the plain;
And kindly smiling, new-milk brings,
To her enamour'd, honest swain.

The school-boy o'er the verdant sod,
With tardy pace moves on his way,
Regardless of his teacher's rod,
He spends his golden hours in play.

ON NOON.

THE sun his lazy car has driv'n
Up the steep, meridian height;
Illumining the earth and heav'n,
With keenest rays of piercing light.

The face of nature looks serene,
Fresh glories beam throughout the skies?
While from the fields and hedges green,
The aromatic fragrance flies.

The birds in throngs now panting fly,
And dip them in the limpid flood:
Or in thick clusters joyful lie,
Close cover'd by the shady wood.

See from on high the larks descend,
Unable to endure the heat ;
And where the leafy poplars bend,
The weary hind seeks a retreat.

Swift from its cell the busy bee
Flies anx'ous to collect its sweet ;
And oxen from the plow set free,
In shades repose their tired feet.

The school-boy now indulges play,
And quits his heavy book awhile ;
The brawny rustics toss the hay,
And with loud laughs their tasks beguile.

The mower from his work retires,
To cool him in the gentle breeze ;
And hides from *Sol's* resitless fires,
While scarce a zephyr fans the trees.

In herds the harmless, woolly sheep,
Throng ardent to the thicket's side ;
And hast'ning down the rugged steep,
In leaf-clad coverts joyful hide.

Now from the field the careful swain,
Homewards directs his tardy way ;
But when refresh'd, returns again,
To make amends for his delay.

In the
Each
While
Repa

T
H
Stea
While
And

The en
As o
The ga
And

Lo! s
Reti
And ti
On

Protec
To
And e
Exp

In the green bow'r, with cheerful throat,
Each shepherd channts to his lov'd dame ;
While she with soft, enchanting note,
Repays his true and constant flame.

ON EVENING.

THE sober Ev'ning, ting'd with red,
Steals slowly on the wond'ring sight :
While *Phæbus* rests on *Thetis'* bed,
And introduces dusky night.

The empty shadows longer grow,
As objects pass along the plain ;
The gadding cows move homewards slow,
And in their well-known stalls remain.

Lo ! from his work the frugal clown,
Retires now to his simple treat ;
And tir'd with labour, lays him down
On the green bench before his gate.

Protected safely from the fox,
To their folds haste the bleating sheep ;
And echo rising from the rocks,
Expands responsive o'er the deep.

The milkmaid with her snow-white pail,
 Now to her evening task repairs :
 While honest shepherds quaff their ale,
 And toast their charming, comely fairs.

The feather'd warblers cease their song,
 And hasten joyful to their nest ;
 Quick flying to their callow young,
 They lull them into quiet rest.

The lads and lasses on the green,
 In sprightly measures frisk and play ;
 With rustic garlands deck their queen,
 Or tumble thro' the new-mown hay.

The leathern-winged bat now flies,
 From th' old mansion's crevic'd wall ;
 While gently from the gilded skies
 The genial dew-drops lightly fall.

His daily toil the farmer leaves,
 And bends his slow-pac'd journey home ;
 While wisely provident he saves
 A stock for winter's barren gloom.

The twinkling stars resume their place,
 And shed around a glimm'ring light ;
 While *Luna* with a silver'd face,
 Gives warning of approaching night.

SEE
 Her
 While
 Save

The str
 As t
 While
 To c

From t
 The
 Now c
 And

The p
 His
 And a
 On

In cro
 In c
 The s
 The

ON NIGHT.

SEE Night, bedeck'd in dark array,
Her sluggish steeds now slowly drive;
While not a beam points out the way,
Save what the glow-worms faintly give.

The striplings loudly sing thro' fear,
As they run quickly o'er the plain;
While tippling drunkards guzzle beer,
To ease them of their marriage pain.

From the old, ruin'd solemn dome
The owl, impatient of the light,
Now dares to venture from its home,
And screaming takes its airy flight.

The prowling fox, with cunning eye,
His feather'd spoil prepares to seize;
And as in quiet sleep they lie,
On turkeys, ducks, hens, geese he preys.

In crowds the elves assembled now,
In circles dance upon the grass;
The songsters resting on the bough,
The night in silent slumbers pass,


The faithful watch-dog in the yard,
Observant in his kennel lies ;
His owner's property to guard,
And keep his dwelling from surprise.

Now scarce a whisper strikes the ear,
Across the fragrant, level land ;
Their masks the lawless rustians wear,
And at lone corners take their stand.

The frugal husbandmen repose
On couches plain their drousy heads ;
But when their centinel cock crows,
They rouse them from their straw-made beds.

The fairies gliding at the door,
Now thro' the key-hole nimbly creep ;
And lightly tripping on the floor,
Pinch dirty house-maids in their sleep.

The silver moon flits swift away,
The stars emit a weaker light ;
The skies their gilded robes display,
And bar the gates of fable night.


written
just as
tains a
mixed

F R O
And he
Where
And re
Where
And ra
To soo
Permit
To pai
And fr
To IN
Her ha
Yet er
A wom

YARICO TO INKLE.

AN EPISTLE.

✍ The following Epistle is supposed to have been written by YARICO, in the beginning of her slavery, just as INKLE was embarking for *England*; and contains a little history of her unprecedented ill-usage, mixed entreaties, tenderneſs, and upbraidings.

FROM this ſad place where anguiſh ever reigns,
 And helpleſs wretches groan beneath their chains;
 Where ſtern oppreſſion liſts its iron hand,
 And reſtleſs cruelty uſurps command;
 Where ſlav'ry its infernal viſage rears,
 And racks its victims with inceſſant cares:
 To ſoothe her ſoul, and eaſe her aching heart,
 Permit a wretch her ſuff'rings to impart;
 To paint her bitter, life-conſuming grief,
 And from the doleful ſtory ſeek relief:
 To INKLE ſhe complains; to him who taught
 Her hand in language to expreſs her thought.
 Yet ere your ſails before the winds are ſpread,
 A woman's ſorrows with compaſſion read;

T

Her dying farewell from her pen receive,
And to her wrongs a tear in pity give.

Fain would I learn from whence your hate arose,
The cruel cause and source of all my woes.
Oh! tell me why am I so wretched made?
For what unwilling crimes am I betray'd?
Is it because I lov'd?—Unjust reward!
That love preserv'd you from the ills you fear'd.
If 'twas a fault, alas! I'm guilty still,
For still I love, and while I live I will:
Nor change of fortune, nor your cruel hate,
Shall cure my passion, or its warmth abate.

False as you are, how dare you trust anew
To winds and waves as treacherous as you?
Think'st will the gods you serve, if gods they are,
For crimes like your's their punishments forbear?
If injur'd innocence their care be made,
Tho' I forgive, their certain vengeance dread.

What if your bark, by adverse tempests tofs'd,
Should on some barb'rous coast, like mine, be lost;
Think that you see your friends and you pursu'd
By savage people, greedy of your blood:
Who then will snatch you from your fell despair?
You'll find no YARICO to shield you there.
How would you wish you never had betray'd,
Or sold for trifling gain an helpless maid?

Oh ! yet redeem me while you've pow'r to save,
And make me your's if I am doom'd a slave !
Your faithful slave indeed I'll ever prove,
And with continued care attend my love.
Think on the vows you have so often made ;
How did you promise ? How have you betray'd ?
And think, oh ! think of the dear load I bear ;
Must a poor babe a mother's suff'rings share ?
Shall the dear witness of our mutual flame
Be born to want, to misery, and shame ?
Whose tender care shall hush your infant cry ?
Or whose indulgent hand thy wants supply ?
Behold a gift a father's love prepares !
Unceasing trouble, and continu'd fears !
This is the portion destin'd to be thine,
Thou'rt heir to all the woes that now are mine.

Oh ! could my pen in artful language tell
The sad variety of ills I feel !
Would some kind pow'r assist my thoughts to flow,
Strong as my love, and piercing as my woe ;
To speak the anguish of my bleeding heart,
My bitter pangs, and agonizing smart ;
Hard as you are, you'd mitigate my pain,
Or pitying take me to your arms again.
Remember, as 'tis sure you often must,
When the seas drove you on our fatal coast ;
How did my bloody friends your life pursue,
Nor one of all who landed 'scap'd but you ?

Pale with your fears, and breathless with the chase,
 With wearied steps you fled from place to place.
 Forlorn, distress'd you knew not where to go,
 To shun the fury of the desp'rate foe ;
 'Till chance, or rather some propit'ous God,
 Your feet conducted to a shady wood :
 Screen'd from your hunters' eyes, but not your fears,
 On the bare ground you lay, o'erwhelm'd with tears.
 By me alone was thy retreat perceiv'd,
 And Oh ! by love my soul was straight enslav'd !
 My arms encircled round your neck were made
 A guard and easy pillow for your head ;
 Thus in soft slumbers, stretch'd at ease you lay,
 'Till op'ning morning summon'd us away.
 In haste I cry'd, " Awake, awake my dear !
 " The chirping birds approaching day declare ;
 " See how the fainting stars foretell the morn !
 " Awake, my love, and to our cave return."
 Whole months secure in this recess we pass'd,
 And each new hour came happier than the last ;
 Such was our love, so mutual was our flame,
 Our hopes, our fears, our wishes were the same.

The various presents other lovers gave,
 I brought to furnish, and adorn our cave;
 With softest, party-colour'd skins I made,
 Perfum'd with sweetest flow'rs, a fragrant bed.
 Had you a wish that ever I deny'd ?
 Or was not with a willing care supply'd ?

O !
 But
 Yet
 Wh
 " M
 " M
 " T
 " H
 " T
 " E
 " I
 " M
 " I
 " D
 " D
 " A
 I
 And
 Ne
 Or
 Am
 Ing
 Can
 Or
 Ki
 He
 W
 Th

O ! what returns for such a waste of love !
 But still would I entreat, and not reprove.
 Yet let me mind you of what once you said,
 While oaths confirm'd the promises you made :
 " My YARICO, my life, my love, you cry'd,
 " My dear preserver, and my choicest pride !
 " Thou kindest, softest cure of all my woe,
 " How shall I pay the gratitude I owe !
 " Thou Pow'r that mad'st me, hear me while I swear
 " Eternal love, eternal truth to her !
 " If thou vouchsaf'st me to behold once more
 " My dear, my long lost friends, and native shore ;
 " If ever I forget her tender care,
 " Do thou regardless hear my dying pray'r ;
 " Drive me in bitterness of want to rove,
 " And shut me ever from the realms above !"

Is he a GOD whose curses you implor'd,
 And shall his hand not grasp th' avenging sword ?
 Ne'er can you hope in sweet content to live,
 Or know the comforts you refuse to give.
 Among the vices men abhor the most,
 Ingratitude is sure of all accurst.
 Can the just gods with pleasure look upon,
 Or love a temper so unlike their own ?
 Kind offices a kind requital claim,
 He pays but half, who but returns the same ;
 Who gives at first a gen'rous temper shows,
 The other only pays the debt he owes :

But you, regardless of my cries and pray'rs,
 Smile at my wrongs, and mock my falling tears;
 Not one return for all the mighty debt,
 But cruel rage, and persecuting hate;
 This, this is all your nature can bestow,
 And thus you pay the gratitude you owe.

Time and my griefs this body shall decay,
 My moving frame shall be but lifeless clay;
 Then peaceful in the silent grave I'll rest,
 Still this warm blood, and calm this glowing breast:
 But the remembrance of my wrongs shall live,
 Your treachery whole ages shall survive;
 Men yet unborn will my hard lot relate,
 And curse your cruelty, and weep my fate:
 And if in distant years some hapless maid,
 Shall be by faithless, barb'rous man betray'd;
 Condemn'd in sharpest misery to rove,
 Unblest'd with hope, yet curs'd with fatal love;
 One to whom life and liberty he owes,
 From whose indulgence ev'ry blessing flows;
 Then shall be drawn the just comparison,
 "So trusted YARICO—and was undone."

Think of that morn when on the beech I stood,
 And saw the bark at anchor on the flood.
 Straight to your cave with eager haste I ran,
 "Behold, I cry'd, a vessel on the main!

“ Away, my love, nor longer let us live

“ Unknown to peace security can give.”

No more you needed ; pleasure in your eyes

Flash'd like a shooting light in ev'ning skies.

Your eager arms around my neck were flung,

In silent transports on my lips you hung ;

The mighty joy, too great to be express'd,

Glow'd on your cheeks, and struggled in your breast.

“ Adieu, you cry'd, ye friendly shades, adieu !”

And in embraces to the shore we flew.

“ And thou, my cave, my ever kind retreat,

“ Scene of my happiness, my safety's seat,

“ Farewell ! and ye, ye cruel men, adieu !

“ Adieu to all, my YARICO, but you !

“ You, my preserver, shall be ever near,

“ Reign in my soul, and ev'ry blessing share.”

But why do I pursue th' ungrateful tale ?

Why urge a suit that never will prevail ?

Why tell, when nearer to the shore we drew,

The waving colours you beheld and knew.

“ See, see, my love, what heav'n relenting sends !

“ Behold my friends, my countrymen and friends !”

Then loud you cry'd, and wav'd your hand in air,

And straight we saw the hast'ning boat appear ;

With eager strokes we cut the yielding tide,

And joyful climb the lofty vessel's side.

If from a life of long, continued care,

From threat'ning cruelty, and restless fear ;

From death, the greatest of all ills we dread,
To be in one propit'ous moment freed;
Be happiness that can addition know,
Your friends' embraces made it so to you.

And now the ship, unfurls its crackling sails,
Whole bending bosoms catch the rising gales:
Like distant clouds appears the less'ning shore,
'Till the faint prospect can be seen no more.
"Adieu, my friends, my countrymen, adieu!
"A lasting farewell here I take of you."
Thus while I cry'd, as consc'ous of my fate,
Unusual sadness on my spirits sat;
My blood ran cold, my bosom heav'd with sighs,
And gulping sorrow trickled from my eyes:
But you with well dissembled sorrow came,
(Dissembled 'twas, tho' still you look'd the same)
"Oh! whence, my love, this change, this mourn-
"ful look!" 15 OC 61
You said, and mingled kisses as you spoke.
"What means my dear! oh! tell me why you sigh!
"Why steals the pearly moisture from your eye!
"Tell me, and let me cure the ills you feel,
"Or share the torments which I cannot heal;
"For heav'n-born sympathy my bosom warms,
"And boundless love my melting heart alarms."
Pleas'd with your words, suspecting no deceit,
Artless I swallow'd the ensnaring bait;

Hone
Nor
No
'Till
Brisk
Buffs
Whe
Barba
The
And
But y
And
Then
Then
Oh!
Did i
Urge
Is the
That
The
W
Have
Yet v
The
Nor
I fro
My
Win

Honest myself, I thought the world so too,
Nor falsehood fear'd, for no deceit I knew.

No more I wept, my griefs were lull'd asleep,
'Till 'twas decreed I must for ever weep.
Brisk blew the driving winds, the fleeting ship
Buys the white waves, and skims along the deep;
When on the deck a sudden shout is heard,
Barbadoes' welcome coast at last appear'd.
The cheerful sailors skip from place to place,
And smiling joy appear'd on ev'ry face;
But you sat silent, pensive, and alone,
And meditated mischief yet undone:
Then was the scheme of my undoing laid,
Then was the curs'd determination made.
Oh! say what mov'd you to the cruel deed!
Did it from hate, or thirst of gain proceed?
Urge nothing—for if love's not in our pow'r,
Is there from gratitude requir'd no more?
That's the grand tie that should for ever bind,
The surest charm to fix a noble mind.

What tho' the burning sun's discol'ring rays
Have shadow'd with a browner dye my face;
Yet was I thought most lovely to the sight,
The virgin's envy, and the youth's delight;
Nor was my birth unequal to my fame,
I from a race of sov'reign princes came.
My love, the noblest of the youthful train
With warm persuasion pleaded to obtain:

Alas ! unheeded all their vows I heard,
Nor knew a tender wish 'till you appear'd.
Subdu'd, I yielded up to you alone,
Decreed the slave of love to be undone.

Ye pow'rs divine, who rule the world below,
Relieve, or teach me how to bear my woe !
Give me, oh ! give me eloquence to move
His stubborn heart, and bring him back to love !
Oh ! make him feel the horrors I endure,
And kindly fly my miseries to cure !
So shall my life be spent in endless praise
And lasting honors to your names I'll raise.

And now I stood upon the long'd-for shore,
And warmly hop'd the hours of sorrow o'er.
You smil'd, and as you fondly press'd my hand,
“ Welcome, you cry'd, my *Yarico*, to land !
“ Thou kindest, dearest, tend'rest, lovely maid,
“ Now shall my promis'd gratitude be paid.”
Oh ! how unmanly is the flatt'ring lye,
Which cheats but to enhance our misery !
For that which aggravates our troubles most,
Is to know happiness, and know it lost.
Such soothing words conceal'd the black deceit,
And lull'd me unsuspecting of my fate.
But now no longer need the mask be on,
The means were over, for the end was won ;
No more th' endearing look your falsehood wears,
But all the monster in full light appears :

"Take her, you cry'd, my right I here resign,
"Your slave by purchase, as she once was mine."
You ended ; and the wretch to whom you spoke,
(Pride and ill-nature settled in his look)
Approach'd, and sternly seiz'd upon my hand,
And rudely haul'd me under his command.
Such cruelty, what savage ever knew,
Or hearing could believe you meant it true?
Too true I found it, when with barb'rous scoff,
And hate unknown before, you shook me off ;
Then plung'd me o'er in ev'ry human ill,
Not to be spoke, and what I only feel,

Can you forget, or did you ne'er regard,
The sad distress which in my soul appear'd?
How chill'd with horror I could scarce survive,
And mad and blasted stiffen'd yet alive?
How grov'ling at your feet in wild despair,
I beat my bleeding breast, and tore my hair?
Then what did rage, and love, and fear, not say,
As madness prompted, and my pangs gave way?
"Oh! save me, and this fatal doom reverse,
"Which once endur'd there is no greater curse!
"Or tell me why with vengeance you pursue
"Her who was life and happiness to you!
"Relentless can you stand to all I say,
"Unchang'd, unmov'd—Oh! give compassion way
"Or kindly, with some well dissembled vow
"Delude me still, it would be pious now!

“ But oh ! I read my anguish in your look !
“ I can no longer, for my heart is broke !
“ Yet let my heaving breast and streaming eyes
“ Speak for me what my fault’ring tongue denies !
“ Recall the former image to your view
“ Of her who loves—who was belov’d by you !
“ Who now o’erburthen’d with a mother’s cares,
“ The tender pledge of our endearment bears !
“ I feel the infant struggling in my womb,
“ As consc’ous of its wretchedness to come :
“ Oh ! spare the guiltless babe ! let nature move
“ Your heart to pity, though ’tis deaf to love !”
I could no more ; your cruel looks congeal’d
My flowing blood, and ev’ry vital chill’d ;
No more my bosom heav’d ; my dying eyes
Were clos’d, and sense forsook me with my cries :
Oh ! had it been for ever gone indeed,
From what a world of woes had I been freed !
But fate conspiring to protract my grief,
Unseal’d my eyes, and gave me back to life.

I found me, when my senses were restor’d,
In the curs’d house of him I call my LORD :
My bitter wrongs in vain I did deplore,
For you, the source of all, I saw no more.
How should I act in so severe distress !
Words could not paint my anguish, nor redress ;
Yet still to keep a glimm’ring hope alive,
The last sad comfort wretches can contrive ;

I told my fatal story o'er with pain,
And su'd for pity, but I su'd in vain;
Condemn'd to feel unutterable woes,
And all the wrongs that slav'ry can impose.

Tho' deaf to justice, and love's softer claim,
Oh! yet redeem me in regard to fame!
For still the living story of my woe
Shall follow and acclaim where'er you go;
Mankind will shun you, and the blasting tongue
Shall hoot the monster as you pass along:
"Behold the wretch, whose breast to nature steel'd,
"For kindness hated, for compassion kill'd!"
Then, as you taught me, if there is to come
A day of gen'ral, just, and awful doom;
If fit gradation be observ'd in pains,
Oh! think and tremble what for you remains!
Unless sweet mercy shall your heart incline
To shun the anguish, by relieving mine;
So endless torments will you change for peace,
And men, instead of cursing you, shall bless;
The Gods in mercy will the deed regard,
And pay you with a penitent's reward:
Or if the state you brought me to believe
Be but a story, fabled to deceive;
Yet sweet contentment never hope to own,
Remorse shall find you on a bed of down;

In vain for ease to bus'ness you'll repair,
My wrongs shall reach you, and avenge me there.

Forgive, thou still lov'd author of my pain!
My griefs are heavy, and I must complain.
Oh! kill me, or some milder ill provide,
Ere fate quite severs, or the seas divide! [dim,
That thought distracts me—my strain'd eyes grow
And nature shivers at the dreadful theme.
A thousand things my loaded heart would say,
But oh! my trembling hand will not obey!
Then let your fancy image my distress,
And yet, oh! yet, while you have pow'r, redress!

15 OC 61

T H E E N D.

e.

m,
ow

s!